THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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FETTERMAN'S FALL.

Circumstantial Details of One of the Greatest Massacre's Recorded in the History of the Indian Wars.

An American Military Body so Completely Wiped Out that Neither Man Nor Animal Was Left.

Bright and cheering dawned that December morning twenty five years ago the 21st of December, 1891, at the post of Fort Phil Kearney, snugly located at the forks of the Pineys, within the very shadows of the Big Horn mountains. The boys of the Second battalion of the Eighteenth infantry, afterwards known as the Twenty-seventh regiment, and the two attenuated troops of the Second cavalry were contemplating the near approach of Christmas and what a grand good time they were to have on that day feasting on buffalo, elk, bear and wild duck gathered from the plains, mountains and Lake DeSmet, hard by. A recent arrival of commissary supplies insured an abundance of delicacies from the states, and the prospect of a relief from hard tack, salt horse, and desiccated vegetables animated the whole post with an anxious longing for the coming festival. Mrs. Carrington, wife of the post commandant, had enlisted all the ladies of the post in the grand observance of the day, and their kindly offices had prepared many enjoyable surprises for the devoted command, not alone in the prospect for a feast of substantials, but of a social nature.

On the 21st the sun rose clear and cloudless, a balmy breeze was wafted up from the valley of the Piney, and mingling with the pine and cedar fragrance of the mountain woods diffused the sanctity and odor of a spring day, and for the nonce

DISPELLED THE THOUGHT OF WINTER.

The weary days of scouting were over for the winter. The preparations for winter had been almost completed, leaving only the gathering of wood from the mountains to be done—a task that with all its labor was fraught with a sufficient spice of danger because of the Indians. To furnish all the necessary volunteers for the work, without the formality of detail, guard duty was reduced to a minimum, and the command looked into the winter with complacency. This fateful morning Sergt. Barnes was in charge of the detail that was to go after wood, and shortly after reveille the party started with the wagons and a small cavalry escort for the foothills of the mountains, a few miles to the southeast.

Just east of the fort, and across Little Piney, was a high conical shaped hill that was used as a lookout. The picket on duty there had an excellent view of the country several miles east, south and north. Westward across the Big Piney, the view was in a measure obscured by a high ridge, that increased in altitude as it approached the mountains. Northward the receding hill or ridge was in a few miles lost in the broken prairie in the direction of Lake DeSmet.

About 10 o'clock the sentinel on picket hill startled the garrison by discharging his rifle, and giving the well known signal of Indians. The signal indicated that the wood train was attacked by an unusually large party of Indians. The long roll was beaten and the bugles sounded "boots and saddles." Then there was a hurrying to and fro in the post.

"FALL IN! FALL IN!"

was the command issued from every company quarters and in an almost inconceivable space of time every company was in line and marching toward the parade ground to await orders. The field officers were hurrying to the assembly ground buckling on their belts, and the scene was of the most warlike aspect and animation. A moment later a courier from the wood train came galloping into the post, and hurried to the commanding officer with the startling intelligence that the train had been attacked by a big batch of Indians, and unless succor was sent them immediately the entire party would be massacred. The courier had cut his way out as the train was surrounded, and an arrow shaft protruding from his horse's flank was a mute evidence of his narrow escape. The Indians he reported as coming from the west, back of the ridge across Big Piney, and he was satisfied that there were hundreds more of them in the same vicinity.

"A HUNDRED MEN

are wanted to go to the relief of the wood train," was the word whispered along the line of armed men. There were nearly 200 in line, and these were constantly augmenting by convalescents from the hospital, by men from the kitchens, by men from the band, and by civilians from the sutler store, and quartermaster's corral. Every man in that line volunteered to go. But only a hundred were wanted, so Col. Carrington counted off half the line from the right, and ordered to "side step to the right." Those on the unfortunate "left" pleaded that they might be sent, and some of the boys even offered to buy the luckier ones of the "right" off, if they would exchange places. "No," said the commanding officer, "we may need you here just as bad as out there."

The "right" was placed under the command of Lieut. Col. T. J. Fetterman, with Capt. and Quartermaster "Baldy" Brown second in command, and Lieut. Grummond as third officer. These three officers were all of the Eighteenth infantry and were the most popular officers in the post, and each of them was as brave as a lion and spoiling for a brush with the Indians. By 10:45 o'clock the command were en route to the rescue of the wood train. Five citizens accompanied the party, the names of whom it is impossible to recall from memory after the lapse of years. Wheatley, however, I think, was the name of one. Prior to the departure from the stockade Col. Carrington said to Col. Fetterman:

"I WARN YOU

not to go beyond the ridge. After reaching it follow along its crest, so that at all times you can be in full view of the post, or at least of the lookout on Picket hill, and the slightest signal from him and we will march the remainder of the command immediately to your relief." The three officers were mounted, the remainder of the command being on foot, cavalrymen and all. One or two of the citizens were mounted, if memory serves me right, but not all of them. Capt. Brown rode a "calico" pony, a favorite of his, and one, he claimed, could outrun any Indian pony in existence.

The command took a direct trail across the Big Piney, and going a "quick step" were soon at the crest of the ridge and was eagerly watched by the boys at the post. The command had not fairly got lengthened out on the ridge, when it took a sharp turn to the west and was soon lost to view beyond the ridge. Two of the officers remaining at the post ascended Picket hill to get some view of Fetterman's command with their field glasses if possible.

NOTHING COULD BE SEEN

and the conclusion was arrived at that the party had seen a band of Indians and were hot after them, and that they would soon re appear on the ridge again. An hour, two hours, sped by and still no sign of Fetterman's party, nor any noise to indicate that they had come up with the Indians. Observers on Picket hill reported seeing small bands of Indians moving from the locality where the wood train was supposed to be, to the eastward, and other parties coming from the northeast, and all seemed to be heading for the same point, a broken section of country northwest of the post beyond the ridge. It was now nearly 1 o'clock. Suddenly and startlingly

A VOLLEY OF DISTANT MUSKETRY

broke upon the ears of the anxious garrison. A momentary lull, then another volley, and these were kept up with dreaded frequency for nearly an hour. While the volleys did last they were given with a terrible earnestness, and finally they lapsed into desultory firing, and in a very brief space of time ceased altogether. Again was the long roll sounded, and again was a meager host assembled on the parade ground. The two mountain howitzers were limbered and the artillery detail ordered to prepare for instant service.

The sick, the halt and the lame, and every available man who could lift a gun was ordered into instant and active service. While all these hurried preparations were going on not a sound came from the battlefield. There was an ominous and deathlike silence. For a while it seemed as if every man held his breath to catch the faintest sound that might come from the scene where our comrades were engaged, in perhaps a death struggle, with the most relentless and treacherous foe of human kind. We could at intervals, as the breeze blew from that direction, catch a chorus of demoniac yells; they were very faint, but the trained ears of the garrison knew that they did not come from the lips of white men.

"FORWARD,"

came the grim command from Col. Carrington, and the relief party filed out of the post on a double quick. About twenty available men and the sick were left behind to hold the garrison. We were soon across the Piney and up on the ridge. Field glasses were brought into requisition to get some glimpse of Fetterman's party, but the only thing that sped across the range of their vision was a vast horde of straggling Indians moving off toward the north and east. We struck the trail of the party and followed it about a mile and a half. It led right into the broken country. The command was halted for awhile, in order that some intelligible reconnoisance could be made. The commanding officer's orderly, a nervy young fellow by the name of Sample, asked leave to go on ahead, as he had a very fleet horse, and he would ride to an eminence about a quarter of a mile distant and make a reconnoisance from that point. Others were sent to points equally conspicuous and we awaited results. All the couriers returned except Sample in a short while. Finally he was observed riding as if for his life from the direction that Fetterman's command had taken, as indicated by the trail. He was waving his hat and was evidently under the stimulus of the greatest excitement. Neither of the other couriers had discovered anything, but the remarkable actions of Sample were sufficient for the command to fall in and await his report. He was with us in a very few moments and his first utterance was "I have found them and

THEY ARE ALL DEAD"

His attitude and every aspect of fear and horror gave credence to his report. "They are all dead," he kept repeating, and for some moments seemed unable to control himself. "Forward, quick step, march," was the ominous command. The command was in a moment drifting along with a determined stride. The mounted men of the party galloped on fearlessly ahead. They seemed to be gone an age, when one of them came back to the marching command and begged us to double quick, as Sample's report was only too true.

At 4 o'clock we reached the scene. There were men in that party who had faced death on many a battlefield during the war, but none had ever seen a sight like this. The annihilation of an entire command, and all of them lying dead and indescribably mutilated, within the compass of seventy five yards. The massacred party had been

DECOYED INTO A TYPICAL AMBUSH,

a canon about 100 yards in length, which bore much the semblance of a railroad cut, carrying the illusion so far as to indicate the road bed grade through its entire length. On either side of this grade was a dense growth of choke cherry and hackberry brush. The canon at its widest part was not more than 100 feet. The dead men, all except the citizens, lay inside this canon, and mostly on the natural road bed. They were huddled close together, as if driven into a pocket and had made the stand for their lives back to back, so as to present a continuous front to their assailants. Lying alongside of each man were scores of empty cartridge shells, indicating that they had not given their lives away without some return in kind. Just outside the canon lay five citizens close together, and right among them were not less than 300 empty cartridge shells, which told the story of what their lives cost the foe. Just inside the canon, but lying a little apart from the main body of the dead, lay Col. Fetterman and Capt. "Baldy" Brown. They were lying along side of each other. A blackened, powder burned bullet hole in Brown's right temple, and a like one in Fetterman's left temple, told too plainly and sadly that, when all hope had fled, Fetterman and Brown had fulfilled their often repeated threat, that when it came to the last, and all hope was gone, in case of a fight with Indians

THEY WOULD KILL THEMSELVES.

A short distance from these two officers lay Trumpeter Bergin of the Second cavalry. He was lying on his back, his hands gently folded across his breast, and on them had been laid his battered, bent and broken trumpet. Lieut. Grummond lay close to the main body of the dead, but slightly off the grade, and partly in the brush.

Excepting Bugler Bergin, every man of the party was scalped and otherwise mutilated. There was not a body but was a perfect pincushion of arrows. The mutilations in most instances were too indecent for description. The clothing had been stripped from most of the bodies entirely, the exception being where a few were left with the tattered and bloody remnants of a shirt or pair of pants. Their post mortem butchery indicated that they had inflicted a terrible punishment on the Indians, as the mutilations bore mute evidence of insatiable revenge. Strange as it may seem, not a dead Indian was to be seen. There were, however, scores of dead Indian ponies lying just outside the canon, both at the east and west ends of the pass.

The massacre was sudden and horribly complete. Ninety-three men—seventy-three of the Eighteenth infantry, twelve of the Second cavalry, three officers and five citizens—went out from the stockade of Fort Phil Kearney at 10:45 that morning in the full flush of courageous manhood and eager to meet their treacherous, murderous foe. Ninety-three men, those identical men, were stiffened in death less than four hours later. All of them were present and accounted for on the carnage field of Phil Kearney. History has few parallels of so complete, speedy and utter anathilation of a command as this.

A detail was hurried back to the post for wagons and ambulances, and the removal of the bodies to the fort was begun at once. Meanwhile the wood party had returned

WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A MAN.

The Indians had suddenly relinquished their attack on the wood train, ostensibly to participate in the attack on Fetterman.

When the detail returned to the fort for wagons and ambulances the excitement there was intense and can only be imagined. The horrible story of the massacre was told. Mrs. Grummond, the bride of Lieut. Grummond, heard it and fainted. The ladies of the other dead officers were not at the post; in fact, I believe that both Brown and Fetterman were unmarried. In the enlisted men's quarters there were moanings and wailings, for many of the dead were married, and had families at the fort.

It took us two days and a half to get all the bodies into the post. They were all laid out in a temporary annex to the hospital. The surviving members of the command contributed from their scanty wardrobes, clothing with which to dress the dead. The hardest and most disagreeable job was to extract the arrows from the bodies. Some of them had as many as

FIFTY ARROWS STICKING FROM THEM,

when we first found them in Massacre canon. Capt. Brown was extremely bald headed, hence his nickname "Baldy," and the Indians, unable to procure a scalp from the top of his head, skinned off his long beard from his lower jaw.

The fated 21st of December was balmy and springlike. But Christmas broke upon us with the severest intensity of winter. The bodies of the dead in the tent morgue were frozen stiff. The funeral we gave them was our Christmas observance. The band played their requiem and Chaplain Alpha Wright, who died a few years ago in the fulness of years at Nebraska City, spoke their funeral oration.

Instead of the promised feast on Christmas day we buried our dead. Two long trenches were dug on a slight eminence just outside the stockade. Each body was tagged with a tin label and they were buried two deep in the trenches. The officers were given separate graves and the citizens were buried separately. Lieut. Grummond's body was subsequently disinterred and taken to his home in Michigan by his wife. The rest of that fated command still lie buried where we placed them. Phil Kearney has long since been abandoned.

THE INDIANS

participating in the massacre were the Brule and combined Sioux tribes under the command of Red Cloud, spotted Tail, Man-Afraid-of-His Horses, Lone Heart, Big Mouth and American Horse.

I was told afterwards at Fort Laramie, by some of the Indians participating in the massacre, that the soldiers had killed over 150 Indians that day, and wounded twice as many more. There were over 3,000 Indians participating in the massacre. The reason that Bugler Bergin's body was not mutilated was because he had killed two Indians by beating them over the head with his bugle and they took this method of attesting his bravery. The command was stealthily decoyed into the canon, and when the Indians had them where they wanted them they simply wiped the devoted band out by the preponderance of numbers.

Nine years and a half later occurred the massacre of Custer's command in nearly the same vicinity. True, his loss was greater, but not more complete. Not even a brute survived the Phil Kearney affair. The only record of the struggle, sharp, short and decisive, in Massacre canon forever lies a secret in the breasts of the dead who lie buried under the shadow of the Big Horn mountains at the forks of the Pineys.—*Omaha (Neb.) Bee, Dec. 27.*

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge

MATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

Eleanor Kirk Says That Girls Should Have the Advantage of Their Mothers' Advice Before Getting Married.

Lemon Pot-pies and Psychometeric Appearance—A Very Strange Study.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 4.—The writer of the following letter is a very earnest woman and means every word she says. She is sweet natured, enthusiastic, modest and refined. But all the same she is very illogical, and I believe very much mistaken. This conception of her character is drawn from her letter, and the subtle spiritual influence that accompanied it, and which up to date I have never made a mistake about. Perhaps it will be interesting to talk a little of this strange current which passes so curiously from writer to receiver, and which in spite of words tell such truthful stories of character and motives. But we will have the letter first. After expressing her pleasure in many of the subjects discussed in these newspaper letters, our correspondent proceeds to take issue with me in the education of girls. While she dislikes to hurt my feelings—bless her heart, she would'nt willing wound any living creature, she remarks that "public writers and teachers should be very careful how they advise girls to strike out for themselves in trades and professions. Woman was created by God for marriage, and not for manual labor." She deprecates also the idea of instruction in any matter which will have the tendancy of rubbing the bloom from the peach. A girl should go from her mother's arms to the man of her choice without the slightest idea of the requirements or obligations of the marital relation.

"I have two daughters," she adds, "who were brought up in this fashion and who are living happy married lives today. The bloom of perfect innocence was on their cheeks when they went to their husbands, and I have seen no reason to regret the course I adopted in their cases."

It seems to me that the very least we can do for our daughters is to give them a chance to decide for themselves whether they will be wives or maidens. One of the most pregnant causes of trouble in married life, is the ignorance which obtains in matters of relation. A deep and sacred love will do a great deal toward making health tolerable, and misery endurable, but nothing under the heavens can do any real good except a basic education on all subjects pertaining to the laws of life. I take very little stock in the oft repeated phrase "the bloom of the peach" when placed in opposition to ordinary intelligence. Even this mother would admit that the bloom must be sacrificed, and why not in the home and by the side of the mother in a proper course of preparation for the responsibilities of life, as well as in the home of a man who, whatever the state of their mutual admiration and love, is in the largest sense a total stranger to her? For heaven's sake, what have these men ever done that they should be thus considered by the mothers of our daughters? Why should they be so willing to have them rob the peach of its bloom, and so unwilling themselves to disturb even the fuzz of the peach, to say nothing of its pretty color?

It is a mystery to me, it always has been, and I am quite sure it always will be.

My friend's premises are incorrect. Her daughters have been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of true gentlemen. There are many such, but not nearly enough to go around. What of the other girls who have taken their bloom to unappreciative and perhaps cruel husbands, and who have had all to learn after the nuptial knot was tied? What of the wrecked lives, bodies and souls destroyed because of ignorance? Somebody's daughters are all the time in trouble and in many cases for no other reason than that they were unfairly treated by their mothers in the matter of a preparatory education.

In contradistinction from the sentiments of the above communication is a letter from a young woman who feels it a joy to be alive for the simple reason that she has learned to work, and an agreeable occupation has brought her the happiness for which in other ways she vainly strove. "Now," she writes, "I can marry or not as it pleases me. If I love the man who truly loves me, then I shall be in a condition to fill the role of helpmeet in its largest and truest sense. I can never now be helpless unless physically prostrated, and never poverty stricken if I have the use of my hands and my head."

Now isn't this a nobler and a more commonsense conception of the situation than the other? Isn't it more just to the man as well as to the woman? A butterfly is a very pretty creature, but an impossible helper in time of sorrow, sickness or poverty. This correspondent sends the following new and tempting dessert called "Lemon Pot Pie." It is making housekeepers happy by its simplicity and delicacy. Mix in the morning one coffee cup of the best flour twice sifted, one Fleischmann's compressed yeast cake, a great spoonfull of melted butter, and milk enough to make a very soft batter. Let it rise in a warm place till very light. Cut four lemons into slices after peeling them. Add a cup of granulated sugar, and three cups and a half of water. Let it boil hard and thicken with two tablespoonfulls of corn starch. Then pour the soft dough into this mixture—do not add flour and roll out—cover very closely and cook ten minutes. This is a delicious dish, and can be eaten with soft sauce, butter or cream.

Now a word in reference to this magical matter of thought transference or whatever it may be called. The technical name for the ability to feel the personality of the writer of a letter before the contents are known, or the seal broken is called psychometry, and I am as firm a believer in that science as in the science of astronomy or chemistry. Good psychometrists will not only describe the mental traits by the aid of a few written words, but will often give an accurate description of the personal appearance. I have been too busy a woman to spend the time I should have dearly loved to give to this fascinating study, but in a few instances I have distinctly seen my correspondents, though perfect strangers and hundreds of miles away. The test of these psychometeric appearances was given by a subsequent acquaintance with those I had so strangely looked at. There is said to be a little girl in New York city who, if a sealed letter is placed in her hand, will tell whether the writer is a man or woman, young or old, sick or well, kind or unkind, honest or dishonest. On one occasion she took her mother's mail from the postman, and selecting one letter from the number, remarked "Mamma there is a dead lady and a little dead baby in that letter."

The mother broke the seal and read that a former schoolmate of hers had just died and at the same time a newly born infant.

It is too late now to reject these truths with a smile and a shrug. They are facts and must be accepted as such.

ELEANOR KIRK.

THE BOYS OF DUBLIN.

"Dublin is, as Dublin always was, patriotic, staunch and true."—CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, at Leinster Hall, July, 1891.

When Parnell stood betrayed and sold
By England's faithless slaves,
With heart undaunted as of old
He looked across the waves,
With hope he turned to Dublin town,
For well, my boys, he knew
That spite of Saxon bribe or frown
To Ireland we'd be true.
We are the boys of Dublin,
And true 'till death we'll be,
'Gainst alien might we'll ever fight
For Irish liberty.

Though foes we faced fierce and dauntless fled,
By him we took our stand,
Ready to follow where he led
To fight for fatherland.
And when he raised the flag on high,
And "nailed it to the mast,"
With loyalty no king could buy
We followed to the last.
We are the boys of Dublin,
And true 'till death we'll be,
'Gainst alien might we'll ever fight
For Irish liberty.

And now though death has stricken low
Our country's hope and pride,
The flag he bore, come weal or woe,
We'll never lay aside.
So on, my boys, we'll bear it still
Till final victory's won,
And high o'er every Irish hill
It floats in Freedom's sun!
We are the boys of Dublin,
And true 'till death we'll be,
'Gainst alien might we'll ever fight
For Irish liberty.

—*United Ireland.*

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Catholic Young Men's Association of St. Columbkill's parish will give a reception at Princess' Music Hall, on Madison street and Ogden avenue, Jan. 12 at 8 o'clock in the evening.

The colored Catholics of this city selected Messrs. John A. Smith and Lincoln E. Valle as delegates to the colored Catholic congress at Philadelphia.

The sodality lecture course for the season will open in the hall corner of May and eleventh streets, on the 18th. The Rev. Father Fitzgerald, of St. Ignatius' college, will deliver the lecture on that occasion.

The Rev. Father Walsh, the distinguished lecturer of the Augustinian order in Rome, lectured last Sunday evening in Holy Angel's church, on Oakwood boulevard. The proceeds of this lecture are to be applied toward the completion of St. Patrick's church in Rome.

The Married Ladies' Sodality of the Holy Family church has, through its director, the Rev. Father Lagae, donated $100 to the St. Vincent de Paul society and $50 to the Rev. Father Jackson for foreign mission.

The Rev. Father Pouziglical, S. J., a Jesuit missionary priest, well known among the Indian tribes of the west, celebrated mass last Sunday for the inmates of the bridewell. The reverend father was for many years with the Osage Indian tribe, and located at Osage Mission, Kansas.

In St. Peter's church, on the corner of Polk and Clark streets, the representation of the scene in Bethlehem Christmas morning was very beautifully illustrated.

The St. James Catholic Young Men's Society have become incorporated, and have secured a club house of their own at No. 2807 Wabash avenue. The Rev. Father McDonnell, of St. James' church, is the spiritual director. The officers are John T. McGrath, president; P. W. McAllister, vice president; James L. Reilly, secretary; Charles Taft, treasurer; James J Edgeworth, financial secretary; John T. Keleher, corresponding secretary. The society has now over 300 members.

IRISH BRIGADE ASSOCIATION.

Thirteenth Annual Dinner.

The thirteenth annual celebration by the Irish Brigade Association of the departure for the War of the Eighty eighth Regiment of New York Volunteers, on Dec. 16, 1861, took the form of a banquet at Riccadonna's, at which Col. James Quinlan presided.

During the evening Col. Quinlan was presented with the medal which congress voted him last February for bravery and courageous conduct at the battle of Savage's Station, Va., June 29, 1862. Letters of regret were received from President Harrison, ex President Cleveland, and others. Among those present were Gen. D. F. Burke, late colonel of the Irish Brigade, Col. E. M. Knox, John W. Goff, the Rev. Hugh J. Kelly, Col. M. C. Murphy, Adjt. John Murphy, Col. James Cavanagh, Police Commissioner John R Voorhis, Col. John D. Mulhall, Lieut. R. H. Benningham, Major John B. Hays, Dr. Wm. O'Meagher, Major Edward Duffy, Capt. Thos. F. Lynch, T. McShane O'Callahan, Gen. Robert Nugent, Major John C. McCarten, Col. Thomas M. Canton, Lieut. James McGrath, Lieut. John Dillon, Capt. D. C. McCarthy, Lieut. George W. Skellen, Lieut. David Burke, Major P. M. Haverty, Gen. James R. O'Beirne, Michael Blake, Patrick Ginley.

An interesting feature of the evening was the presentation to Col. Quinlan of a medal ordered by congress for brilliant and distinguished services rendered by him during the Wilderness campaign in 1864. This is a very rare honor, and is highly prized. The presentation speech was made by Gen. James R O'Beirne in felicitous terms. The medal bears this inscription:

The Congress of the United States to
JAMES QUINLAN,
Late Lieutenant Colonel 88th New York Volunteer Infantry,
FOR CONSPICUOUS BRAVERY
At Savage Station, Va.,
June 29, 1862

The "conspicuous bravery" mentioned in the above inscription refers to Colonel Quinlan's gallant action in silencing the enemy's artillery at Savage Station, where a body of Confederate troops had forced their way into a position between the two flanks of Gen. Burns' brigade. Occupying this advantageous position the Confederates opened fire on the divided Union forces. Gen. Burns ordered Col. Quinlan to make an attack to silence the enemy's artillery.

Backed by the Eighty-eighth Regiment, which was a part of Meagher's Brigade, Col. Quinlan charged three times on the Confederate forces. When he led his men out of action after the third attack barely half of them were left, but the Confederate artillery had been silenced, and Gen. Burns' brigade saved.

No one is prouder of the honor conferred on Col. Quinlan than his old commander, Gen. Burns. Writing to Col. Quinlan concerning the affair at Savage Station, the General says: "The Eighty eighth saved the lives of many gallant soldiers by that forlorn hope charge, and cleared our way to victory that day. It commemorated the charge of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy."
—*New York Tablet*

GRAHAM SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Graham & Sons, bankers, are known as one of the oldest and most reliable firms in the city. They have been for years connected with the publishing and passenger shipping interests of the city. Their latest display of enterprise has been the erection of a splendid business building, on West Madsion street, in which are located their safety deposit vaults. The Graham Safety Deposit Company organized with a capital of $100,000, and is now doing a first class business, although but recently established. Their vaults are marvels of strength and are not surpassed by any in the city. They were constructed by the best safe and lock company in the country, the famous Diebold Safe Co., of Canton, Ohio. The vaults are secured by time locks which can only be opened at designated hours. There are several hundred boxes of different sizes, the small ones being fastened by key locks and the large ones by combination locks. The vaults are guarded night and day by a watchman whose position in front of the heavy bars would render any attempts at burglary futile. No depositor can fail to be satisfied with the admirable arrangements made for the protection of property. The company are financially strong and have ample resources. There is not a doubt that the venture will prove successful. The company are located in the handsome building at No. 134 West Madison street, their office being with Graham & Sons, the well known bankers, steamship and insurance agents, who own the building. The office hours are from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., which are sufficiently long to accommodate all classes of customers. The telephone number is 5361.

Can You Rely

Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates all impurity and tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys a world-wide reputation for restoring the hair to bald heads and changing gray hair to the original color of youth.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XX—(Continued)

All being lost Patrick Barrett was riding with a sick and heavy heart from the bloodstained streets, with but vague ideas of escape, when he was horrified to see Maeve O'Donnell right before him, endeavoring to control her pony, which was plunging violently from the smart of a slight bullet wound in its flank.

"Heavens! Maeve, are you mad to thus expose yourself?" he cried in dismay. "Dismount and retire indoors at once as you value your life. These bloodthirsty ruffians heed not age or sex in their work of slaughter. Hasten, dearest, dismount and take shelter. Quick, quick, for heaven's sake; they are firing upon us!"

"Oh, I cannot," she protested, with tears of distress, "I have promised—I must accompany my brother. We will escape, yes, we will escape to our own dear home! Where is he?—oh, where is Ferdy?"

The answer was on his lips, but he mercifully withheld it; how cruel it would be to tell her that her brother, stricken down in the full glow and vigor of his young manhood, lay a bleeding corpse only a few yards away!

Hiss! whizz! went the passing bullets, bearing death in dangerous propinquity."

"Come then with me," he said, seizing the pony's bridle; "come at once if we would leave here alive. Ferdy cannot come to you."

"Hold there, croppy! Ha, Barrett, curse you, it is our turn now!"

Our colonel swiftly turned, sword in hand, but barely in time to fend off a fierce sabre stroke made at him by Pierce Crofton, whose horse, suddenly pulled up in hot gallop, was rearing wildly. Barrett promptly returned the blow, inflicting a deep notch in his adversary's sword arm, which fell useless. With a sharp cry of rage and pain Crofton tugged at his pistol holsters, but, now a chance bullet struck his horse, and the animal fell, pinning the rider to the ground.

With one glance on his prostrate enemy, Barrett spurred his horse and dashed away, dragging Maeve's pony by the bridle, while the bullets of pursuers whistled more dangerously every instant. On gaining a rising ground a look around assured him of their fearful and almost hopeless situation.

"Truly the jaws of death!" he murmured with a pang of sorrow and apprehension for his weak and helpless companion.

The arrangements which Trench and Portarlington had made for the human *battue* were sinister perfection. The insurgents were taken in a species of *cul de sac*. South and West extended the cordon of their cruel foes, East lay the sea, and now in front of them, on their retreat to the north, appeared the long irregular inlet or creek of Rathfran, swollen with the tide in a manner to apparently cut off all retreat. The long narrow bridge of Palmerstown, spanning the stream which flows into this inlet about two miles northwest of Killala, had been seized by the British, whose red uniforms were visible among the trees of the adjoining demesne of Castleres, rapid puffs of smoke betokening death to all who attempted to escape in that direction. A road leading down to the inlet by two places called Ross and Cartoon was black with a flying multitude of both sexes, the savage military pressing hard behind, and even artillery being brought to bear on the hapless fugitives.

A hard-driven crowd, among whom were Barrett and Maeve, made for a place where, right under the Abbey of Rathfran, the creek was spanned by a farset or sand bank, marked by a round stone, on each side of the channel—a dangerous ford where in the old days Queen Tresi, wife of Awley, whose royal rath lay convenient, was drowned in attempting to cross in her chariot. Opposite, in the midst of fertile land resting on volcanic rocks—rocks exhibiting, according to Archdeacon Verschoyle, the most unique trachyte formation in the British Isles—stood the crumbling walls of the Dominican abbey founded in the thirteenth century by Sir William Bourke the Grey—the abbey within whose sacred walls Edmond Bourk was pierced to death by the daggers of his unnatural nephews, and whence, in Cromwell's time, Father Hugh McGoilly went forth to die on the gallows in Waterford, and Father Walter Fleming to perish in exile in Nantes, with the marks of Cromwellian chains upon his wasted limbs. A place of sad and gloomy associations, another red page was about to be added to its sombre history.

Splashing into the deep water over the sandbank went the hunted throng, and soon a mournful scene ensued, those who were unable to swim shrieking piteously for help and grasping wildly at others in their death terror; men and women, boys and girls, struggling towards the opposite shore in a frantic, confused throng, while the bullets of the ruthless pursuers came plunging among them, and red patches began to appear here and there amid the foam of the agitated water. Some of the fugitives, unable to swim, or seized in the deadly grasp of the drowning, went down to rise no more alive; others perished beneath the merciless rain of bullets.

Still holding Maeve's pony by the bridle, Barrett had reached the bank of the inlet when his horse fell under him, killed by a bullet from a dragoon's carbine. Freeing himself from the slain animal, he encouraged Maeve to sit firmly in her seat and led the pony into the water, and soon they were in the midst of that struggling, shrieking throng, with death falling all around them. Dying hands grasped at him as he buffeted his way through the gore stained water; dying faces looked into his. He recognized many of his companions in peril. Beside him a young Ballina student named Michael Smyth sank to his doom

Large numbers, however, reached the opposite shore in safety, among them Barrett and his fair companion. Emerging with dripping clothes he led the pony, Maeve on its back, within the sheltering walls of the old abbey, whence they presently escaped across the northern hills towards the Lagan.

The report of cannon sounded close in their ears as they fled. One of the discharges fell among a crowd of fugitives rushing off round a promontory (Ross) forming one of the horns of the bay, and strewed the shore with corpses.

The battle, or rather massacre, was virtually over, and the dead bodies of over four hundred men, women, and children lay scattered in and around the town of Killala.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PULNASHANTHANA.

Day was breaking over the Atlantic Ocean. Tranquil, low lying clouds, with brightening edges of red gold, heralded the advance of the autumn sun. The sky was momentarily taking a brighter blue; the last stars feebly glimmered and vanished.

It was the morning after the bloody Sabbath at Killala. On a high cliff overlooking the sea lay Patrick Barrett, weary in body, tortured in mind. Before him, in grand sublimity, shipless and desolate, as if the rugged shores that bent around were those of some undiscovered land, spread the waste of waters, glistening and quivering in the first pink tinge of sunrise. On either hand stretched ranges of black precipices, whose angles and other protrusions seemed streaked with fire in the dawning light. A very noble and impressive picture of the romance of nature; it was here presented to a rather vacant and heedless eye. Harsh and cruel mockery appeared to the gazer in the ruddy benignity of the sunrise. In the boom of the waves beneath him he heard only the thud of the clay falling, as it were, upon the coffin of Irish liberty.

Barrett was not alone. Stretched or squatted on the grass around him were three or four fellow fugitives, peasants of the neighboring district of the Lagan, all sadly apprehenive for their homes and families. The faces of the group were haggard almost to gauntness; bearing, with one exception, a common expression of despondency, they were anything but in keeping with the rosy smile of the morning. The exception was that of a stalwart, white-haired patriarch, cheerful and amiable of manner, who was endeavoring to beguile the tedious hours of anxiety with a legend in reference to their strange place of refuge.

A strange and eerie place it truly was. The cliff, on whose grassy summit they were assembled, formed the end of a long promontory, and shot sheer down to the waves, which boiled and seethed below at the dizzy depth of nigh 130 feet. In front, distant about eighty yards, rose from the sea an immense pillar of rock, about the height of the mainland cliff, and showing in its dark side no less than five different sections of the horizontal strata of its formation. The base of the rock was enveloped in hissing bursts of spray and eddying clouds of sea smoke. Its massive perpendicular sides were whitened with innumerable seabirds; there they sat in military like rows on the stony shelving, or whirled about in screaming flocks and strange commingling, *crossauns* and *gurrogues*, gulls and cormorants, their noise mingling weirdly with the dull thundering of the breakers.

Corresponding indentations in both headland and rocky pillar seemed to indicate that, having been once joined, they had undergone rude and extraordinary separation:

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

The promontory was Downpatrick; the insulated rock, Dunbrista, or "the broken fort." All through the headland the beating of the sea had burrowed an immense cavern. Through a wide aperture in the stony roof one could see, at a fearful distance below, the imprisoned waves dashing in pallid wrath against the steep, black walls. This was the Pulnashanthana (Poll na sion tuinne)—the hole of the stormy waves.

The place was sprinkled with ancient ruins, both pagan and Christian relics. Across the headland, from sea to sea, ran a massive wall, about seven feet thick and nine high, pierced with a strong and narrow doorway. On the steep summit of the sea beaten rock appeared, strange to say, the ruins of some ancient building—on a place now utterly inaccessible to man!

In another direction, on the green slopes of the headland, stood the grey walls of the old church of St. Patrick, and a peculiar steeple or mound, like the base of a large cross, whither, as tradition said, the Apostle of Ireland was wont to resort for the purpose of prayer and meditation.

Insulated rock and building, fortified wall and crumbling church, had each and all a place in the old man's narrative, which was related in the graphic and vigorous vernacular. Barrett, who knew the Gaelic well, listened with increasing interest, and even became for a few moments blissfully oblivious of the conviction that the captors of Killala—ten miles to the southeast—were preparing to follow up their sanguinary success by carrying fire and sword into the unhappy district adjoining.

At the time St. Patrick was building the church of Killala, and converting the people of Tir-Awley to the true Faith—so ran the narrative of the old amateur *seanachie*—this wild headland was crowned by the fortress of a fierce pirate named Deodruisg (or "Always at war"). Leading a roving, warlike, adventurous life, Deodruisg feared neither God nor man. No knee bent he to pagan idol; he scoffed at the mysteries of the Druids; yet, on the other hand, he scorned to become a convert to the doctrine taught by Patrick. Flouting and hating every form of religion, he harassed and plundered the apostle's people, seizing and driving off the cattle upon which they depended for their sustenance, and securing the spoil in his castle bawn—the strong wall of which still extends across the headland. At this Patrick and some of his disciples proceeded towards the pirate's *dun*, and the apostle remonstrated with Deodruisg on his action, and explained to him the moral duties of man as taught by the Son of God. But the fierce marauder returned a haughty and defiant answer.

"I know not the God of whom thou speakest," he said, "nor fear I anyone in existence, visible or invisible. If I succeed in obtaining riches and pleasure here I care not what may be my fate hereafter, for it is folly to reject present good in expectation of superabundant happiness after death. As for me, I believe that after death our sleep is eternal. Therefore not only shall I keep strong hold of what I have won, but shall seize as much more as I possibly can by the strength of my hand and the edge of my sword, without any fear or terror of thee or thy God either here or hereafter. Further, if thou dost not fly this place at once I shall hurl thee and thy people over the cliff into the waves."

With this he cast a huge rock from the top of the bawn towards the apostle; it fell over the edge of the cliff and bounded with mighty crashes from crag to crag until it splashed into the sea.

Seeing that further argument was vain, Patrick knelt upon a rock (which still bears the mark of his knees) and prayed that a separation might be caused between the atheist pirate and the converted inhabitants; and lo, next morning a huge chasm yawned in the headland, the portion of which bearing Deodruisg's fort stood a bowshot out, alone and inaccessible in the midst of the foaming waves; and the pirate and his men, having no means of escape, perished miserably in their fort—now converted into their prison—on the fearful summit of that gaunt rocky pillar, which no human being had ever since then been able to ascend.

"Yonder on the rock you may still see part of the walls of the house, also the doorjamb; some time ago the whitened timbers of the doorway were blown away by a storm. Under the rubbish within lie the skeletons of Deodruisg and his pirate band, in the midst of their treasures of gold and silver."

"Saint Patrick built that church there below in honor of the great miracle," continued the narrator; "and ever since, on the last Sunday of July, or Cromdubh Sunday—as 'tis called from the biggest demon that Patrick banished from the Reek and that Columbkill afterwards chased from Slieve League, there beyond the water—the people gather here in pilgrimage from near and far to celebrate the chief "patron" of Tyrawley.

The sun, curtained with red gold, now overhung the horizon. Sea and land were bathed in glory.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Before quitting Rome for his annual *conge* the French Ambassador gave a reception at which Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, assisted. Nothing seemed to presage that the Ambassador would commit yet another fault against good taste before leaving the precincts of St. Peter's, when to the amazement and dismay of the guests, the secretaries and other employés of the French Embassy to the Court of Humbert I. were announced. The eminent *porporato* considered this diplomatic invasion as a want of courtesy as well as bad form. With his habitual gentleness, but likewise with firmness, he expressed his displeasure.

GAELIC POETRY.

Le I n-Eirinn.

(Leis an "g-Craoibhin Aoibhinn.")

Ceithre speal' gheura ag siúbhal le chéile,
Ag dul i n-eudan an mhóinfhéir mhóir,
Ceathar fear láidir le lúth 'nna lámhaibh
Ag buaint na báidhe* glas os a g-cómhair.
Mise an ceathramhadh duine de'n dream sin,
Agus mo speal-sa ag dul gan sgith,
'S ní raibh mo speal-sa am' láimh an tráth sin
Acht mar bheidh' tráithnín no coinlín tuighe.

A Righ na glóire, nach athrughadh mór é
O bhí mé i m'óigfhear, fad, fad ó,
Agus teas na gréine ag lasadh m' eudan
Ag buaint an fhéir sin lá breágh gan ceo;
Caiffnidh bána ag deunamh gáire
Air feadh na páirce ag racáil féir,
A's iad go súgach 'san maidin chúbhartha,
A's fuaim a nguth mar bheidh' ceol 'san aér,

Do bhidheadh na beacha air tóir na meala
'Gá tabhairt d'á neadaibh ameasg an fhéir,
Ag eitioll 'nu ar n-aghaidh-ne go mear 's go meadhrach,
'S ag dul as radharc le srann bhig, ghéir.
A's na féilíocáin air na fóthanáuaibh,
'S air na buachalánaibh 's ó bhlath go bláth,
Air sgiathan eudtrom ag luidhe 's ag éirighe,
'S ag siúbhal 's na spéartharbh—is iad bhí breágh.

Bhí an lon 's an smóiach i g-coill na g-chó bheag
Ag deunamh ceoil bhinn mar cheol na m-bárd,
'S an fhuiseog aérach 's abhrán 'na a béilin,
'G a masgadh féin ann san spéir go h-árd.
Bhí an chéirseach aoibhinn air bhárr na craoibhe
'S a piobán sínte le port go binn,—
A's a Dhé na ngrása is é bhí breágh, bheith
I n-Eirinn áluinn 'san aimsir sin.

*"Báidhe," a swath of green grass cut down by the mower.

STATE OF OHIO. CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

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[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

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REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

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AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

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[*The Home Magazine.*]

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The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

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"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

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INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

THE OHIO SENATORSHIP.

Followers of Both Candidates Are Very Hopeful.

SHERMAN SEEMS TO GAIN STRENGTH,

And Outside of the Foraker Headquarters the Opinion Prevails That It Will Be Impossible to Elect the ex-Governor to the United States Senate — What Chairman Hahn Says of the Situation—New York Legislature.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 5.—The senate has seated Iden, the contesting Republican, in place of Gaumer, Democrat, and there will therefore be ninety-three votes in the Republican senatorial caucus Wednesday night. The number of votes necessary to nominate, however, still remains forty-seven. Senator Sherman seems to be gaining strength every hour, but the Foraker men show no less confidence in the result than they have shown from the first. Since Monday Senators Lampson and Rawlings, and Representatives Dunn, McCoy and Lutz have openly announced their intention of voting for Sherman. All of these except Senator Lampson had been classed as Foraker men, though Lutz and Rawlings were marked "doubtful" in most lists.

Claims of the Foraker Men.

The Foraker men now claim seven men who voted for Laylin for speaker will vote for Foraker for senator. Laylin's vote for speaker was thirty-eight. If the Foraker claims are correct, this will reduce the Sherman strength in the house to thirty-one and raise the Foraker strength to forty-one votes in that branch. There is no uncertainty now as to how the senators will vote in the United States senatorial caucus. There will be twenty-one votes in the caucus from that branch. Fifteen will vote for Sherman and six for Foraker. Adding Foraker's six votes from the senate to those he claims in the house it gives forty-seven, exactly the number required to nominate, and makes Sherman's vote forty-six.

What Chairman Hahn Says.

Chairman Hahn of the state Republican executive committee, who has been managing Senator Sherman's campaign, and is considered to be a very shrew politician and very conservative, said to the United Press: "Senator Sherman will have fifty-six votes in the caucus—fifteen from the senate and forty-one from the house. This is no supposition. We know just how every man we claim will vote. We have no doubt at all about the result. No, I will furnish no list of the names of the men who will vote for Senator Sherman, but I will say that there are no 'doubtful' men to us; we know and have known for some time past just how every man will vote."

Will Name the Candidates.

The caucus will be held in the house at 8 o'clock Wednesday night, Representative Kissenger presiding. Senator J. W. Nichols of Belmont of county has been selected to place Mr. Sherman in nomination, and Representative Griffin of Toledo will perform a similar service for ex-Governor Foraker. Outside of the Foraker headquarters, the opinion seems to prevail generally that it is impossible now to elect Foraker.

New York Legislature.

ALBANY, Jan. 5.—The senate was called to order at 11:20 a. m. by Lieutenant Governor Sheehan. The Republicans did not absent themselves and there were only two vacant seats, those of Senator Saxton and Senator Sherwood, the latter being judicially declared vacant. Then the members were sworn in alphabetically. A telegram stated that Senator Saxton was detained by illness. Charles T. Gunning, the Democratic nominee, was elected clerk by 17 to 13. Edwards, Ind., voting with the Democrats. The other Democratic nominees for the various offices were also elected. Senator Cantor was elected president pro tem.

Democratic National Committee.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—Members of the national Democratic committee and of the executive committee of the national association of Democratic clubs will meet in Washington on Jan. 20 for the purpose of interchanging ideas, and members who cannot be present have been requested to furnish proxies. The national Democratic committee will meet on the 21st to select the place of holding the next national Democratic convention.

Gorman a Candidate.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—It is no longer a secret that Senator Gorman is a candidate for the presidential nomination of his party this year. Until recently he has believed it the part of wisdom to defer whatever ambition he may have in this direction until 1896, but circumstances have caused him to change his plans and to intimate to his friends that he is now in their hands.

Woman Suffrage Amendment.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The usual constitutional amendment to provide for woman suffrage, which has made its appearance annually for some years, will be introduced this session by Representative Greenleaf of Rochester, N. Y., whose wife is president of the Woman Suffrage association of New York. Congressman Greenleaf believes that the matter of sex ought not to determine the right of suffrage. He believes that a woman who is equally intelligent with men, who owns property, pays taxes, and contributes to the support of the government ought not, in justice, to be deprived of a voice in the control of affairs.

Won by Board of Trade Liberals.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—The annual election of officers of the board of trade was one of the most exciting of recent years, the vote being the highest ever reached on the board. The "opposition" ticket, headed by Charles D. Hamill, polled 735 votes, and the "regular" ticket, headed by Jerome G. Steever, 551, the former ticket being elected by a majority of 184 votes. The regular ticket was said to be in favor of the "close corporation policy," while the opposition ticket was believed to be more liberal and likely to favor a free use of continuous quotations.

A Demand for Wolf Hounds.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 5.—Paul Hacke, of this city, who has a kennel of wolf hounds at Greensburg, has received a letter from a number of planters in a remote section of New Mexico asking to send five of his wolf hounds to that territory. The letter states that during 1891 150,000 calves and other cattle were killed by wolves, which entailed a loss of $1,000,000, and they want the hounds to hunt the wolves.

CHILI WILL MAKE AMENDS.

A Sincere Apology To Be Presented to the United States.

VALPARAISO, Jan. 5.—It is said that the Chilian government has cabled orders to Minister Pedro Montt at Washington to make a sincere apology to the United States for the unfortunate and deplorable attack upon the Baltimore sailors Oct. 16 last. The apology is unqualified in its character, it is added. Other matters which have been in dispute between Chili and the United States are to be speedily considered by the new administration. From semi-official sources it is reported that the reason the Santiago police are kept in the vicinity of the American legation is that the intendente of the city is in constant receipt of letters containing threats to burn and sack the legation.

Were Friends of Balmaceda.

It is said on the best authority that the government desires to have the police near at hand so as to prevent the execution of any such threats. It is no secret here that many of those who cherish ideas of war between the United States and Chili are friends of Balmaceda. It is learned that the German minister, Baron Gutschmidt, offered the services of his country as mediator on his own personal responsibility. This is in line with his course of action ever since the present government came into office. He has pursued it with a view of getting up a reputation for himself as a diplomatist.

Hints to Senor Matta.

He gave many hints to Senor Matta, late minister of foreign affairs, but has refrained from offering any advice to the new cabinet. The Yantic has arrived at Montevideo. The British bark Ravenswood, Captain Hulk, from San Francisco, has put in here with the loss of its main yards. Senor Belisarist Prat has been appointed the new intendente of Santiago. At the time of the fall of Valparaiso his name was prominently mentioned as a candidate for the presidency.

IMPORTANT NOMINATIONS.

The Senate Receives the Names of New Commerce Commissioners.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The president sent to the senate Tuesday the following nominations: E. G. Rathbone of Ohio, to be fourth assistant postmaster general. To be inter-state commerce commissioners: James W. McDill of Iowa, vice Thomas M. Cooley, resigned; William M. Lindsey of Kentucky, vice Walter L. Bragg, deceased; William R. Morrison of Illinois—a reappointment. William B. Hess of Indiana, to be consul general of the United States at Constantinople; William D. McCoy of Indiana, to be minister resident and consul general of the United States to Liberia; Andrew P. McCormick of Texas, to be United States circuit judge for the Fifth judicial circuit (as provided by section 1, laws 1891, United States at large); Matthew T. Allen of California, to be attorney of the United States ior the southern district of California, vice Willoughby Cole, resigned.

Governor of Oklahoma.

Abraham J. Seay of Oklahoma to be governor of the territory of Oklahoma vice George W. Steele, resigned. Daniel A. Ray of Illinois to be principal clerk of surveys in the general land office. Consuls of the United States: Campbell L. Maxwell of Ohio at Santo Dominto; Charles Weare of Iowa at Aix La Chapelle; Sigmund C. Braida of New Jersey at San Juan Del Norte; Walter T. Howard of Vermont at Cardiff; David S. K. Buick of Oregon at Sonnebrg; Elias H. Cheney of New Hampshire at Matanzas; James Leitch of Louisiana at Belize; Radcliff H. Ford of Maine at Leghorn; Edward P. Hammond of Maryland at Buda Pesth.

WITH MILITARY HONORS.

The Late General M. C. Meigs Borne to His Long Home.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The funeral of the late General M. C. Meigs took place Tuesday morning. Under a military escort, composed of a battalion of cavalry from Fort Meyer, the Light battery and a battalion of the Third artillery from the Washington barracks, under command of the senior officer, the remains were taken from the general's late residence on Vermont avenue to St. John's Episcopal church, where the funeral services were conducted by its rector, the Rev. Dr. Douglass. The pall-bearers were Generals Schofield, Casey, Holabird, Wright and Colonel Vincent, representing the army; Colenel Luddington, representing the quartermaster general's department; Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian institution, and Dr. Wellington, of the National Academy of Sciences.

At Arlington Cemetery.

At the conclusion of the services the casket was lifted to the hearse by the militia attendants and the funeral cortege wended its way slowly to the Arlington cemetery. The horses had great difficulty in keeping their feet on account of a light rain subsequent to a fall of snow. Arriving at the cemeterv the remains of the dead soldier were interred beside those of his wife. At the grave military ceremonies were conducted, concluding with the bugle call "Lights out," and the mourners returned to the city.

McMillin in the Speaker's Chair.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—There was a full attendance of members upon the house Tuesday at the reassembling after the holiday recess. The absentees were rather prominent ones, however, including Speaker Crisp and Mills, both of whom were prevented from attendance by sickness. Clerk Kerr called the house to order and announced with regret the illness of the speaker and stated that in his absence it became his duty to call the house to order. He stated that the business now in order was the election of a speaker pro tem. Springer offered a resolution naming Hon. Benton J. McMillin of Tennessee as speaker pro tem. in the absence of the speaker. The resolution was adopted by a viva voce vote and McMillin took the chair amidst a slight ripple of applause.

Two Aged Persons Murdered.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 5.—The little town of Crosswell, thirty-six miles below this city on the Atlanta and Florida railroad, is stirred to its foundations over the assassination of Dr. R. G. Barrett, an aged physician, and his wife, which occurred at the home of the old couple some time Sunday night. The murders were committed with a coupling pin, which instrument, all covered with blood, was found beside the victims. No motive is known for the crime.

Died of La Grippe at Franklin.

FRANKLIN, Ind., Jan. 5.—Monday the following deaths from la grippe occurred: Mrs. Susan Thompson, aged 91, sick eighteen hours; William Boles, aged 80, and and John Stook, aged 82.

MET VIOLENT DEATHS.

Four Lives Lost at a Fire in Nashville, Tenn.

THE VICTIMS WERE NEGRO FIREMEN.

A Hotel Fire at Chicago Results in the Loss of Two Lives—Three Men Burned to Death at Sanford, Cal.—A Woman and Two Men Suffocated by Snowslides in Colorado—Run Down by a Train—Other Mishaps.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 5.—Saturday night fire burned around the corner of College and Church street, causing a loss of fully $600,000. The fire started in the rear of the store occupied by Webb, Stevens & Co., house furnishers, at 5:40 and was not gotten under control until 10 o'clock at night. Four colored firemen lost their lives. They were fighting the fire standing on a three-story building occupied by Phillips, Burtoff & Co. They were pouring a stream of water into the second story of the building of A. J. Warren when it toppled over upon them, crushing them all to death.

The Incendiary at Work.

Their names are as follows: Captain C. C. Gowdy, Aaron Cockrell, Stokes Allen and Harvey Ewing. There is but little doubt that the fire was of incendiary origin, as while fighting the fire one of the firemen saw an unknown man deliberately set fire to Atwell & Sneed's building and immediately jump from the second story window. The pecuniary losses are: Phillips Burtoff Manufacturing company, $60,000; A. J. Warren, $25,000; Webb, Stevenson & Co., $45,000; Atwell & Sneed, $35,000; A. G. Rhodes, $10,000; the Noel block, $85,000.

Fatal Fire at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan 5.—Seventy-five guests of the Hotel Waverly on Clark street, near Van Buren, were aroused at 2 o'clock Monday morning by the dreaded cry of "Fire!" They opened their doors to find the hallways filled with such dense smoke that to escape was next to impossible. In the wildest confusion the guests made for the elevator and stairways, and in the jam that followed several were badly hurt and one man, in his efforts to escape by way of the elevator, was crushed to death by the heavy car. The names of the dead are Paul Wood and John Meredith. Samuel Wood and several other persons were injured, though not fatally.

Holocaust at Sanford, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5.—Elmer S. Hofford of Chester, N. H.; F. B. Tucker of Sacramento and E. W. Foster of Sanford were burned to death in their boarding house at Sanford. T. C. Hammond, a printer, was fatally hurt by jumping from the second-story window. He died later in the day. Six others whose names are unknown were fatally burned. The fire was started by the explosion of a coal oil stove in the boarding house. The Methodist church and several adjoining dwellings were also destroyed.

Another Hotel Fire.

MORRISTOWN, Tenn., Jan. 5.—The Hotel Godfrey was burned at Greenville Sunday. Barney Foster, a painter from Roanoke, Va., was burned to death before he could make his escape.

OTHER FATALITIES.

Two Lives Lost by Snowslides in the Golden State.

SILVERTON, Colo., Jan. 5.—Miss Sadie Bickham, a belle of this place, was snowshoeing on the mountain near here with some friends when she was struck by a snowslide and carried a distance of 600 feet, encountering a tree stump. Her friends attempted to rescue her, but when they reached her they found nothing but her snowshoes above the snow. She was dead when taken out.

DENVER, Jan. 5.—A special to The Republican from Rico says: Will Connell and Q. C. Mitchell were buried and suffocated to death by a snowslide. They were camping on the side of "Nigger Baby Mountain" near here when the slide overtook them.

Run Down by a Train.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 5.—Mrs. Belle Hutchison, a widow 50 years of age, who lived at 210 South Leffingwell avenue, was struck and instantly killed by a suburban train at Benton station. Mrs. Hutchison was returning from a visit with friends at Benton and attempted to cross the tracks ahead of an incoming train.

Found Frozen to Death.

VIRGINIA, Ills., Jan. 5.—Wesley Gobin was found dead about four miles from Chandlerville Sunday morning. It is supposed he lost his way in the snowstorm and was frozen to death, as no marks of violence were found on his body. He leaves a family.

MOVING TROOPS TO THE FRONTIER.

Mexico Reinforcing Her Army on the Border—Hope to Capture Garza.

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 1.—General Escudero, assistant secretary of war, says that the report that the government was moving troops from the interior garrisons to the frontier was true. This step was made necessary, as the country where Garza is operating is sparsely settled and covered with brush and the border is too long to be covered by the few troops usually garrisoned at frontier points. In reference to the whereabouts of Garza General Escudero said that he was crossing and recrossing the frontier, which made it an impossibility to capture him and his band with the present troops in the field, but with the soldiers that are now being moved to the border he expected if Garza crossed into Mexico again he would be captured.

Mexican Troops Join Garza.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 31.—News has been received here from apparently reliable sources that General Lorenzo Garcia has been killed by his command, and that they had escaped across the river into Texas, where they have joined Garza. General Garcia was one of the best known and most capable officers in the Mexican army.

Resigned His Position.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—The American deputy consul general, Mr. George C. Hitt, has resigned his office and will shortly resume the business management of the Indianapolis Journal. Mr. Hitt and family sail for New York on Wednesday next.

The Bounty on Sugar.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—During 1891 the treasury department paid $902,080 as bounty on sugar.

SENSATIONAL TRIAL ENDED.

Dr. Graves Found Guilty of the Murder of Mrs. Barnaby.

DENVER, Jan. 5.—Dr. Graves, charged with the murder of his client, Mrs. Barnaby (whose business he attended to on a salary of $5,000 per year), by sending her from Providence, R. I., a bottle containing a poisonous mixture, was found guilty of murder in the first degree and is now in

DR. GRAVES—MRS. BARNABY.

the murderers' cell in jail, while his wife lies at the hotel insane with grief. His attorney, Col. Ballou of Providence, left hastily Saturday before the verdict was rendered, and it is reported that Graves has confessed partly that he is guilty and that Ballou is guiltier, having suggested and planned the crime. Graves now says he has never uttered a word that could be tortured into a confession. A new trial was applied for.

An Emphatic Denial.

Dr. Graves emphatically repudiated the alleged confession Monday. He says he did not tell anything to Deputies Wilson an Means. He declares that Ballou is a gentleman and truthful in every respect. Few people here take any stock in the confession story. Deputy James Wilson is a hard character who is even now under indictment for a brutal assault on Lawyer Mays of this city. Nothing has been heard from Colonel Ballou since his hasty leave Saturday night. Mrs. Ballou's mind is said to have been effected by the trial.

SENATOR FROM KANSAS.

Bishop W. Perkins Appointed by Governor Humphreys.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 4.—The senatorial contest ended at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon by the appointment of ex-Congressman Bishop W. Perkins to the vacancy created by the death of Senator Plumb. Governor Humphrey was asked what his reasons were for the appointment of Mr. Perkins. He replied: "The principal demand from all parts of the state appeared to be for the appointment of some one who had been in congress. Perkins, Peters and Morrill were urged. Perkins was the acknowledged head of the delegation in the house. He was on the same committees that Plumb served on in the senate—Indian affairs and public lands—and is more familiar with Plumb's work than any other man, and I consider him the man for the place."

Defeated by the Farmers' Alliance.

Mr. Perkins is a Republican, sincere in his convictions and aggressive in his expressions. He was a delegate to the Chicago convention in 1880. He was elected member of congress from the Third district, and was re-elected for three successive terms, but met defeat a year ago at the hands of the Farmers' Alliance. He was editor and proprietor of the Oswego Register from 1871 until appointed district judge in 1873. He is 59 years old.

EXECUTION AT CHATTANOOGA.

The Murderer of Officer Musgrave Dies on the Scaffold.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Jan. 4.—Jesse Frierson, who murdered Police Officer Musgrave on June 12, 1890, was hanged in the jailyard here Saturday. Frierson was a desperate character, and Friday night when Jailor Holt entered his cell he grappled with the sheriff and had not the guards rushed to his assistance the sheriff would have been a corpse. When placed on the scaffold Frierson was asked if he wished to say anything. He replied: "No, by God." The drop fell at 1 o'clock and in twelve minutes he was pronounced dead.

American Naval Progress.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—The St. James Gazette, referring to the improvements recently made in the United States navy, says that "In spite of occasional mistakes, the Americans are making steady and surprising progress towards becoming a great naval power," adding, "There is not the smallest doubt of their ability to do so." There is no doubt that the new United States navy is attracting much earnest attention in Europe, and the result of the gun trials of the double turreted monitor Mianotonomah are being closely watched here.

Censured the Railway Companies.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 4.—Coroner Roulet has rendered his verdict in the recent railroad accident here between the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and the Flint and Pere Marquette trains in which eleven people met their death. The coroner censures the Lake Shore brakemen for not going far enough back, and both companies for not displaying proper signals at the tunnel and for scheduling trains too fast and too close together between Air Line Junction and Toledo.

Want Postage Reduced.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 4.—The merchants of this city are making a vigorous move upon congress to reduce letter postage from 2 cents to 1 cent an ounce. Many of them have written letters to the Missouri senators urging them to assist in the passage of Senator Cullom's bill. Every one of these letters have been sent to the Missouri delegation in congress asking its support to the bill, and thousands more will be sent from the interior of the state within a few days.

Presented Annie with $10.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Without any ceremony or formal opening the immigration officials of this city Friday settled down on Ellis island in the harbor and the barge office is known to them no more. The steamship Nevada was the first to arrive at the new landing place. Charley M. Hanley, private secretary to the late Secretary Windom, registered the first immigrant, who was Annie Moore, 15 years old. Colonel Weber greeted Annie and presented with a $10 bill.

Convict Miners Put to Work.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 4.—The convict miners were put to work Saturday under a strong guard of state militia. It was anticipated that the free miners would make trouble, but so far they have done nothing further than to express their discontent by mutterings and threats. There are few conversant with the facts, however, who doubt that there will be serious trouble when the troops are withdrawn, or possibly before.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Events of a Week Condensed for Hurried Readers.

In taking out a pump at Elvina mine, Butte, Mont., Michael Blake fell to the bottom, a distance of 150 feet, and was instantly killed.

A dog went mad at Texarkana, Ark., and bit three persons before it was killed.

Bert and Charles Brown, Harvey Bierson and Harry Johnson, who burglarized a jewelry and a hardware store at Greenwich, Kan., have been arrested at Wichita with a part of their plunder. Neither of them is over 16 years of age.

Johen Brown of Heyworth, Ills., fell into a vat of boiling water and was scalded to death.

The visible supply of wheat Saturday as compiled by the New York Produce exchange was 44,620,217 bushels, an increase of 1,357,373 bushels, and of corn 5,864,252 bushels, an increase of 1,949,230 bushels.

General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, is holding successful meetings in Madras.

To relieve the great want of the unemployed in the province of Norbatton the King of Sweden has ordered the immediate appropriation of 85,000 crowns from public funds to be used in road building.

George W. Smalley says that a very high naval authority in England recently declared that the Baltimore and Charleston could knock the whole Chilian navy into a cocked hat in half an hour.

An old man living in an eastern department of France killed his son in a quarrel over a legacy and while resisting arrest was shot by a gendarme and killed.

William J. Scanlan, the actor, is more violent in his raving. Physicians say that he will die soon.

A call has been issued for a meeting of base ball men at Chicago Jan. 7 for the purpose of organizing a new association.

George Wightman was frozen to death in a storm near Gary, S. D. He was drunk.

Charles Holquist, aged 22, while skating on Round Lake, Mich., went through an air hole and was drowned.

George M. Nycely, fireman on the Chicago limited, was instantly killed at Lilly, Pa. He was leaning out of the cab window when he was struck by the mail crane and his neck was broken and his skull crushed.

A literary alliance has led to a connubial. Rudyard Kipling is to marry the sister of his dead collaborator, Wolcott Balestier.

It is reported in New York that H. E. Titus, of the firm of H. E. Titus & Co., a member of the Stock Exchange, had disappeared with $70,000 of other people's money.

In one California county 3,172 jack rabbits were killed in seventeen days recently.

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A fire, supposed to be incendiary, destroyed the business portion of Plainfield, Ills., causing a loss of $50,000.

The United States government has taken steps to prevent Garza, the Mexican revolutionist, from enlisting recruits in Texas.

The will of the Hon. W. L. Scott of Erie, Pa., who died last September, has been filed for probate and disposes, it is said, of $15,000,000. It contains no public bequests.

The number of prisoners in the Iowa state penitentiary at Fort Madison is 440, the largest in the history of the prison.

There is a movement on foot for the formation of another base ball league, which will consist of clubs in cities of the east and west, heretofore represented in the League and Association.

Governor Campbell says that if Cleveland and Hill do not settle their differences before the convention neither will be nominated.

A canal has just been completed in Washington that will irrigate 70,000 acres.

Great Britain received $450,365 worth of condensed milk from Switzerland last year.

There is a fish hatchery in Michigan that has 51,000,000 white fish eggs in process of incubation.

A mule supposed to have been in the artillery service under Sherman was sold in Georgia recently for $7.25.

One day last week there were lying at the morgue in Buffalo the bodies of five infants picked up in various parts of the city, some of them having been murdered and others having died of exposure and desertion by their mothers.

Fire losses are far heavier this year than last. The last eleven months show a loss of $125,000,000, or $40,000,000 in excess of the loss for the corresponding period of 1890. All of which has a depressing influence on insurance stocks.

Assistant Secretary Nettleton is confined to his residence in Washington with grip.

* * *

Spain's new tariff, which goes into effect Jan. 1, imposes prohibitive duties on alcohol and sugar.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is seriously ill with la grippe.

The Indian national congress, which is in session at Nagpur, the capital of the central provinces of India, has adopted a resolution demanding home rule for India.

Wisconsin Jersey cattle breeders are making preparations for a fine World's fair display.

A mysterious illness has killed sixteen animals in the Zoological garden in Amsterdam within forty-eight hours. The finest lions and tigers have succumbed.

Senator Stanford has appointed James Dustin trainer for his Palo Alto stables, to succeed Charles Marvin, who has accepted a position in the east.

Bernard Mahan, glass-blower, died in a dentist's chair at Pittsburg while under the influence of anaesthetics.

W. K. Hall, a prominent insurance man of Dallas, Tex., and state agent for the Michigan Fire Insurance company, has been arrested on the charge of forgery and swindling.

Switzerland has abolished national banks.

The Prudential Fire Insurance company of Boston has wound up its affairs and reinsured its risks in the Home Insurance company of New York.

At Savannah Boley & Sons' furniture factory and the Savannah Steam laundry were burned. Loss $60,000.

Over five hundred cases of grip are reported in Monticello county, Ills.

* * *

Prince Alfred Monte Nuovo, grandson of the Archduchess Maria Louise, once the wife of Napoleon I, died of influenza at Vienna.

A man disguised as a postal official, on the pretense of revising the contents of a mail cart, stole registered letters valued at $10,000 in Kaiser Ebersdorf, a suburb of Vienna.

New York financiers say that the commercial outlook for 1892 is excellent.

A ragpicker in Buda Pesth found a large loaf of bread, which upon investigation was found to contain fragments of an infant's body. The whole mass had been well baked.

Empress Frederick has offered her new chateau at Chanberg in Hesse-Nassau to her nephew, Prince Albert Victor, as a place in which he may spend the honeymoon after his marriage to Princess Victoria, Mary of Teck.

At a wedding feast in New Zealand a practical joker mixed with the food a poisonous substance which he supposed to be epsom salts, and as a result thirty persons were poisoned, two being already dead and others critically ill.

Jere Little, the once famous Kentucky outlaw, was accidentally killed by an immense log rolling over him.

Alaska's exports for the year amounted to $8,941,515.

Fifty Nihilists suspected of being connected with a conspiracy formed in Moscow are on trial in the Warsaw citadel. Among the prisoners are four women.

Professor J. L. Campbell of Wabash college, in an address before the Indiana Academy of Science, said that the future water supply of Chicago lay in the Kankakee river.

* * *

Vienna housewives have founded a union with the object of boycotting the butchers' ring, which raised prices on meat 15 per cent.

Farm buildings and other property in Georgia were wrecked by a cyclone.

Governor Northern, of Georgia, in a letter bearing on World's fair questions, says that the state "must be represented."

King George of Greece, who for some time has been sick with smallpox, has recovered from his illness.

John Dolts was found dead in front of his residence at Pueblo, Colo., having been shot by some one unknown.

The Baltimore Sun claims to have first suggested that an international exposition be held to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, has issued an appeal to the people asking them to come generously to the aid of the famine sufferers in Russia.

John Studler and Anthony Gleitz had a quarrel at South St. Louis. Studler struck Gleitz on the head with a stone, fracturing his skull. Gleitz died a few minutes later. The murderer is in jail.

Spain is desirous, it is said, of extending its wine market to the United States, and to that end is willing to make important commercial concessions.

The oleomargarine tax collected by the United States in Kansas in 1891 was $78,256.96, on 3,928,388 pounds. There is but one factory in the state now.

George Myers, an old soldier who left La Cygne, Kan., about a year ago, has fallen heir to some property in Minnesota and his friends are trying to find him.

There are 3,474 pupils enrolled in the Burlington, Ia., schools.

While crossing the pontoon bridge near Stuart, Neb., Fred Cooper, a Keya Paha county farmer, slid into the river with a load of wheat. He saved himself, but lost his wagon and grain.

Knox county, Neb., farm lands are said to have advanced from $8 to $5 per acre within the last six months.

A farmer at Mission Bottom, Ore., dug up a turnip in his patch the other day that weighed fifteen pounds.

* * *

P. W. Wright has been appointed assistant manager of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway company. Mr. Wright has been general superintendent of the Lake Shore for many years.

The ship canal from Paris to Rouen is to be about 114 miles in length and twenty-three feet in depth, and the estimated cost is $30,000,000.

A seamstress recently died of blood poisoning. The mischief resulted from using a dirty metal thimble marked with verdigris.

An Indian named Half Cat of the Sisseton reservation, Minnesota, was struck on the head with a neckyoke and killed by and Indian named Red Bird. Half Cat was too attentive to Red Bird's wife.

It has been roughly estimated that the amount of English capital which is invested in land in New Zealand, either by way of mortgage or by direct proprietorship, does not fall short of $40,000,000.

A letter carrier in Kansas City fell asleep near an open window, with the moon shining on his face. On awakening, he made the appalling discovery that he was totally blind.

W. L. Vanwomer was killed by a collision in the Burlington yards at Creston, Ia.

A gentleman who recently visited Russia had with him a tonic sol fa text book, which was seized by the custom house officers, evidently under the impression that it was nihilism in cipher, and in spite of the owner's explanations it was confiscated.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Peculiar in strength and economy — Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home" — there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 9, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle—Richard Mansfield.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Pauline Hall Comic Opera Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Stuart Robson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Agnes Huntington Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Oliver D. Byron, "The Plunger."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Fast Mail."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

A M'CARTHYITE SETBACK IN CLARE.

It would seem that the Parnellites are having their innings all around Ireland just now. Redmond's victory at Waterford was hardly more significant than the failure of Mr. John Dillon to rally the people of Ennis, and the adjoining portions of county Clare, around him on a recent visit to that city. The Limerick *Leader* thus comments on the outcome:

"Mr. John Dillon was the chief of the so called Irish Parliamentary who attended, and the reception accorded him fell so far short of what under happier circumstances would have been his favor, that unless one had the opportunity of witnessing it, indeed the fact could scarcely be believed. No county in Ireland—or to speak more properly—the men of no county in Ireland have been more forward in the National vanguard than Claremen. On some critical occasions in our past history, when a declaration of sturdy independence was needed, it fell to the lot of Claremen to decide the issue, and yesterday, as in days gone by, when a declaration on a question that has an absorbing interest for Irishmen was needed, Claremen proved themselves the men of the hour, and gave the answer which was quite expected of them. The new born spirit that is now being attempted to be foisted on Irishmen finds little sympathy with the men of the county, and with a gallantry quite worthy of them they showed that no friendship could be nourished on their part for the policy or its advocates which would subject Ireland to a continuance of what the country has so severely suffered in from the past. Accordingly it was only just in the nature of things that Mr. Dillon's visit to the town was made the occasion of the poor display in his behalf that in other days would not be thought of. No popular reception greeted him, and unless one is presumptious enough to go the length of denying the actual evidence of things, it would be only by such a ruse he could assert that the good old town welcomed John Dillon or the Federation. The latter body can not find for itself a home in the district, and the few branches existing in the county tell admirably how little Clare men appreciate what Mr. Dillon and others are good enough to put forth as the great National progress that they assume is symbolized by it. Every effort was made to make the day a gala Federationist one, but big as the efforts were they absolutely failed to make things appear as the promoters required. The clergy, of course, were most active, and nothing was left undone by each to secure a gathering in the town by a good rally of contingents from the various districts, but poor indeed were the results. Of course such work was not for the purpose of the convention, but to make what could be reckoned a good popular display in Mr. Dillon's interest, and thus delude the outside public, but Claremen, when they find politics expounded that are not the best for them, have a remarkable stubbornness to allow ing themselves to be used for even showy purposes."

The foregoing event, as well as the result in Waterford, shows a profound distrust of the pledges of the Liberal party among the intelligent masses of the Irish people. One of the chief factors in the promotion of this healthy distrust is the odious Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Gladstone's friend and undoubted successor, who, in the last session of parliament, brutally opposed general amnesty to the Irish political prisoners who are now dying by inches in those veritable hells called the English penitentiaries. Harcourt and Chamberlain are the two Englishmen, not excepting the new Duke of Devonshire and Balfour, most hateful to the Irish people. The only difference between Harcourt and the others named is that he pretends to favor an emasculated kind of Home Rule bill while the others are opposed to the Home Rule idea, no matter what shape it may assume. Then, also, there is the very natural reaction which has followed the tragic deposition and death of Parnell, and, as a matter of course, popular indignation is turned against those of his former supporters who were foremost in seeking to drive him from the national leadership. It looks now as if honors are pretty evenly divided between the two factions of the Irish Parliamentary party. The best thing both sections can do is to unite

THE ROYAL CANCER IN IRELAND.

Irish loyalists have now got an opportunity of wallowing in the mire before a throne and scepter. The approaching marriage of the impecunious Victor and Mary of Teck has been taken advantage of by these servile West Britishers in order to make another nauseating display of king worship. It is, however, a hopeful sign of the times that these drivelling flunkeys form only a miserable minority of the Irish people, to whom they bear the same numerical proportion that the bigoted blue noses in our midst do to the population of Chicago.

One of the best proofs of the utter indifference of the Irish at home to any social event that may occur in British royal circles was furnished a few days ago by the corporation of Dublin. A few Tory toadies in that assembly, having convened a meeting of that body for the purpose of presenting an address to Prince Victor on the occasion of his marriage, a quorum of members could not be got to attend, and the project of course fell through. This is just as it ought to be. British royalty stinks too pungently in the nostrils of the people of Ireland to permit them to entertain the least respect for the patrons of that fetid fungus. In the words of Charles Bradlaugh, "the House of Hanover are not the English oak, but the fungi that have overgrown the stump of the English oak when the stately tree of the British constitution was overthrown by the crimes of the Stuarts and the bigotries of William."

It is stated that the Irish loyalists are about to purchase Kylemore Castle, Clifden, county Galway, for the young couple. Irish loyalists are making a mistake in this selection of a residence for Prince Victor. Prince Victor loves not solitude, nor the roll of ocean waves on the beach, nor the sights or scenes of nature in her wildest and yet most picturesque robes. Cleveland square, London, would be in the eyes of this dullard a more congenial home. Pearls should not be thrown to swine. Irish loyalists ought to remember the old saw, and act accordingly.

AN IRISH NAVAL HERO.

The good old Milesian name of O'Brien stands high on the roll of fame in America, as well as in France and Ireland. Most well read people in this country know that Capt. Jeremiah O'Brien and his brothers, way down in Machias, Maine, led the American crew that won the first battle of the patriots over the English on the high seas in the brave days of the Revolution. Their heroic action has not been forgotten by the present administration, for we find that Secretary Tracy has named a new ship of war the Machias, in honor of Capt. O'Brien's memorable fight and triumph. The Chicago *Tribune* gives the following interesting account of the battle of Machias Bay, called by James Fenimore Cooper "the Lexington of the seas":

"The news of the victory of the Americans at Lexington on the famous 19th of April, 1775, reached Machias twenty days later, May. 9. At that time an armed schooner, the Margaretta, Capt. Moore, in the service of the king, was in Machias acting as convoy to two sloops which were loading lumber. Some of the citizens immediately on receipt of the good news from Lexington determined to capture the armed schooner. The plan was to first make the Captain prisoner while at church the following day (Sunday), as it was expected that he and his officers would attend divine service at the little meeting house in Machias. John O'Brien, who was present at the meeting when the plot was made, volunteered to seize the Captain, a very daring piece of work in those days.

"As was expected, Capt. Moore attended church Sunday, but during the sermon he suspected something wrong, and before the men could execute their plan he escaped through a window and fled to the beach, where his boat immediately took him to his vessel, from which he opened fire upon the town. The people returned the fire with what weapons they had, but neither side did any damage. That afternoon the Margaretta weighed anchor and dropped down below the town.

"The following day, Monday, May 11, 1775, sixty men, among whom were six O'Brien brothers, captured one of the two sloops left by the Margaretta. She was brought alongside a wharf, a flag raised, three cheers given, and volunteers called for to man her, it being explained that an attempt would be made to capture the schooner. Thirty five sturdy down east watermen responded to the call. Securing such firearms as could be obtained, together with axes, pitchforks, which were to be used as boarding pikes, carpenter's cleavers, etc., this force of men embarked, imbued with the spirit of determined men anxious to strike a blow for liberty. Sail was soon made and as the sloop passed down the harbor the crew made what preparations they could think of for the coming contest. The Margaretta was still at anchor below the town.

"Capt. Moore, on observing the sloop bearing down on him, made sail as soon as possible, got up anchor and headed out, in order to avoid a conflict. Soon after getting his vessel under way the main-boom was carried away in jibing. The Margaretta was then headed for Holmes' Bay to repair the injury. There another spar was secured, and, while it was being fitted, the sloop was seen coming in. Capt. Moore made sail without delay and again headed his vessel out into the open water. He was so anxious to get away that, the wind being light, he cut away two of his boats in order to increase the speed of his vessel. The Americans used sweeps and sent boats ahead to tow. Slowly they were gaining on the Margaretta, but the wind soon relieved them of their work. As it came out on the quarter and freshened the sloop proved the better sailer and soon overhauled the Margaretta. Up to this time no one had acted as captain of the sloop. This important matter was soon attended to, Jeremiah O'Brien being selected without delay. He assumed command and the others had no cause to regret their choice, for O'Brien was a man of great daring and thoroughly capable of handling the craft.

"The captain of the Margaretta saw that the sloop would soon be alongside, so he turned on his pursuers and opened fire, the result causing the loss of one man on board the sloop. Capt. O'Brien returned the fire with good effect, as several on the quarterdeck of the schooner, together with the Margaretta's helmsman, were killed. The loss of the latter was very important, as the Margaretta at once became unmanageable and the vessels came together in collision. A steady fire of musketry was kept up from the Margaretta, but in the face of it the Americans boarded the schooner, where a hand-to-hand conflict took place in which pistols, pitchforks, and hand grenades played an important part. Capt. Moore was shot down, and the Margaretta soon fell a prize to the Americans. There were about thirty five men on each vessel, and the loss in killed was twenty, which shows how desperately they must have fought.

"The Margaretta was taken to Machias, where Capt. O'Brien and his victorious crew were welcomed as heroes. The sloop was called the Liberty by the people of Machias, and was the first fighting vessel in the service of the United States.

"From this will be seen the connection between the historic event which took place in Machias Bay in 1775 and the naming of the new gunboat Machias, recently launched.

"With the guns taken from the Margaretta, Capt. O'Brien fitted out another sloop, in which he had quite a successful career, capturing or destroying many British vessels along the coast. Eventually he was captured himself, sent to England, where he was confined in the famous Mill Prison, from which he afterward escaped to France and thence to America."

MAITLAND'S DICTIONARY—THE AUTHOR'S ESCAPE.

One of the most unique books that has issued from the press in a long time is the American Slang Dictionary, compiled and edited by Mr. James Maitland, a well known and brilliant Chicago journalist. The volume is a certificate of unflagging industry on the part of the compiler. There are several sins of omission, but few of commission, in the work, and, as a whole, it may be pronounced a marvel of slang knowledge. The few errors it contains will be remedied in a second edition, which will, judging by present sales, be speedily reached. It is printed and published by the firm of R. J. Kittredge & Co., Nos. 52 to 58 West Jackson street, for the author.

Writing of Mr. Maitland's book reminds us that he had a most providential escape from death in July, 1875, at the time of the balloon ascension in which Prof. Donaldson and the Chicago *Evening Journal* reporter, Mr. Grimwood, lost their lives. Maitland represented, at that time, another Chicago paper, and was assigned to make the ascent with Donaldson. On the previous day, Messrs. Frank McClenthen, Frank Brooks and Milton Tilden, also of the Chicago daily press, had made an ascent with the Professor, reaching terra firma somewhere in the region now occupied by South Chicago. Both Grimwood and Maitland were very anxious to outrival their friends already mentioned. Donaldson's avowed intention was to cross Lake Michigan, and land in the neighborhood of Lansing.

When Maitland got to the starting point on the lake front, he found Grimwood already seated in the balloon car. Donaldson, after inspecting "the fixings," told Maitland to get in. He got in. Then Donaldson said, "As we're going across the lake, I can take only one of you. Some one must stay behind." Then Maitland and Grimwood agreed to "flip" a coin for the privilege of remaining in the car. Maitland called "head" and won; but Grimwood disputed the head on that particular coin, and another was substituted. Maitland again called "head" and lost. He was very mad but he got out. Ten minutes later the balloon rose in the air, and Grimwood kissed hands to Maitland in an aggravatingly patronizing manner. The air ship sped lakeward, and was soon lost to view. The weather, which had been beautiful, suddenly assumed a threatening aspect. At about 9 o'clock there came up a black squall and a thunder storm. By these agencies the balloon was wrecked, when near the Michigan shore. The body of Grimwood was recovered from the lake some weeks later, but neither the balloon nor the professor was ever found. Ever since that time Maitland has maintained that there are worse things to carry around with a man than "a bad penny." Had the first coin "flipped" been of proper quality, James Maitland would be now compiling a slang dictionary not for the material, but for the celestial world.

MILITARY DEBATE IN DUBLIN.

Colonel Maurice, of the British army, recently delivered a lecture in Dublin, under the auspices of the Military Society of Ireland, of which Gen. Lord Wolseley is president, on the subject of "Slavish Discipline." The Colonel, in the course of his remarks, said: "He would take this opportunity of answering a distinguished statesman, and philosopher, and ex-secretary of state, who stated at Newcastle on one occasion that the discipline of the army was a slavish discipline. Well no one could make such an accusation who knew the real facts of the case. This could not apply to the army at any period of its history. The punishment inflicted by Napier and others seemed harsh to them now, but these incidents should not be taken by themselves without bearing in mind the circumstances under which they occurred, and the conditions which existed around them. In 1823, and, perhaps, as late as 1835, a member of the English parliament introduced an act of parliament abolishing the flogging of women in the streets. This happened long after the great war, and under these circumstances it was perfectly ridiculous to call the discipline practiced in Wellington's army slavish discipline. Many people were in the habit of referring to the saying of Wellington that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket field of Eton. It was supposed that what Wellington meant to convey was that the English people were a more athletic people than the French. That was a mistake. What Wellington meant was that the English boys at public schools were under a discipline which made them implicitly obey those who for the time being held command over them. That was why they won at Waterloo. On the other hand, the French had for the most part shown that they did not conform to that due submission to officers and leaders which was all-important as well in an army as in a cricket or a football match. There was not the smallest truth in the assertion that the English army was held in slavish discipline; and the very fact of its superiority to other armies showed that it was not subjected to these severe rules of discipline. The phrase scarcely applied to any single army, as Von Moltke had already proved as regards the German military system. Continuing, Col. Maurice said it had been stated that the losses in ancient times were greater than in modern wars, and that therefore it was ridiculous to say that the severity of the modern firearms was the cause of their being obliged to abandon close order formation. It was true that the percentage of losses was greater—say in the Peninsula, than in 1870; but it was accounted for by the fact that while in old times they moved about under fire to within sixty yards of the enemy, the Prussians, in 1870, moved only to within 1,000 yards of the hostile lines. Under no conditions, and in no army, could ideals be attained. Mistakes would arise, whether unconsciously or from any feeling of pique or resentment."

It is interesting for Americans to learn from an English colonel that women were publicly flogged in the streets of English cities as late as the year 1835. Yet England is called by her writers "the mother of civilization." The other recent woman flogger of Europe is Russia. Veterans of the British army, who fought all through the Peninsular war, and at Waterloo, have borne testimony to the brutalities practiced upon them by the officers, both commissioned and non commissioned. No wonder that some of them deserted to the French, and were made prisoners while firing on their former comrades at Rodrigo, Badajoz and San Sebastian. Who has forgotten about "Corporal Casey?"

'Twas with his rattan O
The sergeant did lace me,
And "d—n him, lean on him!"
Says Corporal Casey!

Oh, the British was a fine service when a hundred lashes on the bare back were considered a fine appetizer for a soldier in the morning. It is well known that many tyrannical officers were shot down, as if by accident, by their own men during the heat of battle. The line officers, who gave most of the punishment, were the main sufferers in this way. Parnell did more to abolish cruelty in the British army than all the English members put together. No officer would now dare order even a mutineer of the Grenadier Guards to receive a dozen lashes. In Wellington's time the mutinous regiment would have been decimated by the fusillade.

Gen. Wolseley, when Col. Maurice had finished his remarks, took a hand in the debate himself, and, as usual, was both instructive and interesting. He said:

"Col. Maurice had touched most admirably on the various phases of discipline and the various ways in which discipline bears on the army. He had told them of the conditions of battle, as now conducted, which were so different from those of past times, and he had impressed on him that discipline was now as necessary as it was in the times of the bows and arrows, the times of the wars of Wellington, or the times of the Macedonian phalanx. There are different sorts of discipline; the discipline of the past was the discipline of the body and not of the mind as it was now. It was necessary now to impress on their soldiers a discipline to be acquired only by long training during peace. In all the great attacks that had taken place in the battles to which Col. Maurice had referred, they would find that not only the officers of battalions but even the commanders of companies had been taken away from the direct object which the general commanding had in view, into some small subsidiary fight. The French failed at Waterloo because their officers went on their own hook and worked for their own subsidiary objects, without thinking of the objects their commander had in view."

The false movements of the French corps at Waterloo were chiefly three: Jerome Bonaparte's serious attack on Hougoumont, which was intended to be a feint; Ney's premature use of the magnificent French cavalry on the plateau of Mont St. Jean, and Grouchy's fatal misconception of Napoleon's orders, which allowed Blucher to come to the aid of the exhausted and battered array of the Duke of Wellington. It can hardly be denied that, while Napoleon's original conception of the campaign in Belgium was masterly, his tactics in the field, after Ligny, were entirely unworthy of his genius. He alone was responsible for the Waterloo disaster. Both armies presented narrow fronts, and were within easy telescopic range, so that every movement could be observed by the rival generals. Napoleon's original reserves were sufficient to have pierced the English centre, but when he detached two-thirds of them, under Lobau and Duhesme, to check the Prussian advance on his right flank, he should have employed the remaining third to disengage his army from what he must have known was a fatal position, and to cover its retreat on Charleroi. William III., of England, executed such a movement with remarkable success after his bloody defeat at Landen, a few miles from Waterloo, in 1693. Napoleon himself executed a similar movement when he was repulsed by the Archduke Charles, of Austria, at Aspern and Essling, in May, 1809. He withdrew the remains of his army, covered by the Guard, across a bridge of boats to the island of Lobau in the river Danube, and issuing from thence, in July of the same year, achieved the immortal victory of Wagram. But then it must be remembered that the Napoleon of 1809 was a very different being from the Napoleon of 1815. An officer of high rank in the French army, discussing the Waterloo campaign with an English general, said, "Bah, my friend, Wellington did not meet the great Napoleon. He only encountered a corpulent Corsican!"

MR. JOHN FITZGERALD, ex president of the Irish National League of America, recently recovered $465,000 from a railroad company for unpaid balance on a contract.

THE lighter form of drama has sustained a severe loss in the recent affliction of the well known playwright and actor, Mr. W. J. Scanlan. The gifted gentleman is said to be afflicted with paresis. He is now in a sanitarium for the insane.

OBITUARY.

MR B COLLERAN.

Mr. B. Colleran died at Curry, county Sligo, Ireland, in the beginning of last month. He was a respected resident of that county, and had many relatives in this city, including Sergt. Luke Colleran, of the Chicago Metropolitan Police; Mr. Thomas Colleran of Hibbard, Bartlett & Spencer, Mr. Peter J. Colleran, of Marshall Field & Co's wholesale department and Mr. Stephen Colleran, of the North Division, and many others. The Sligo *Champion* says of the deceased: "We regret to announce in our issue today the death of Mr. B. Colleran. Being from his youth 'faithful over a few things,' he has, at the early age of 29, been 'placed over many.' Born into wealth, comfort, and position, Mr. Colleran preferred to these the aristocracy of mind. To the bar, as perhaps the place where the fittest in intellect most survive, his great natural abilities impelled him. Just one more year and his professional studies, from their commencement so successfully prosecuted, would have closed. Heaven, in the meantime, lost in this world of sin it might be deprived of a faithful child, snatched him to itself. By Mr. Colleran's death there has been lost to his tenantry a model landlord, to the country a good Irishman, and to the bar one who would be in it a leading member. At his funeral the principal mourners were W. Corrigan, Esq., P L G., and T. Corcoran, Esq. There was also a large concourse of the general public."

MR. TERENCE J BRADY.

Mr. Terence J. Brady, brother of J. W. Brady and brother in law of John F. O'Reilly, died at his residence, No. 945 West Van Buren street, on the 21st ult., after a brief illness. Mr. Brady was a native of the county Cavan, Ireland, and was a highly respected citizen of Chicago. Requiescat in pace.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1892.

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Organizers of Clubs, and to Regular Subscribers.

No Irish-American Family Should be Without a Copy of "The Citizen," the Champion of American Honor, and of Irish Liberty.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, THE CITIZEN will enter upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

Following are the splendid premiums offered to organizers of clubs and regular subscribers for the year 1862:

TO ORGANIZERS OF CLUBS.

1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3. To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

4. To any lady who organizes a club of 20 absolutely new subscribers at the above rates, a beautiful silver chatelaine watch, with chain; also warranted first class in every particular.

In making the foregoing offers, it must be distinctly understood that the terms must be complied with in every particular.

The premiums will be sent Free of Charge, by express or registered mail, in the city or country.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

1. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays a year in advance; and who sends in two additional cash subscriptions, a copy of Rand, McNally & Co.'s celebrated colored reversible map of the United States and of the World, worth $5, mounted ready for use, and delivered free in the city or country. Around the margin of this map is printed statistical and descriptive matter of more value than can be found in any volume that was ever published at three times the cost.

2. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays one year's subscription in advance, a handsome volume in cloth binding of the "Oxford" Library of Standard Works; or else a striking and artistic copy, in colors, of Meissonier's famous painting "Retreat from Moscow," containing excellent figures of the Great Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Marshal Berthier, Gen. Rapp and other military celebrities; or an equally meritorious copy of the world renowned biblical painting, "Christ Before Pilate"; or a spirited, artistically colored, representation, after Meissonier's painting of the charge of the French cavalry at the Battle of Friedland.

All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1892, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows:

Individual subscriptions ....$3 50 each.
Club subscriptions, not less than five members..... $2.00 each.

Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-office Order, Express Order or Registered Mail.

Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

THE CITIZEN NEWSPAPER CO.
Chicago, Jan. 2, 1892.

Lippincott's for January.

Lippincott's Magazine for January is a charming number, from cover to cover. The frontispiece is a striking portrait of Miss Agnes Huntington, the lovely American prima donna, whose charms of voice, person and manner have fascinated Europe as well as the land of her birth. "The Passing of Major Kilgore" by Young E. Allison, is a most interesting novelette, and is completed in this number. There is also "The Editor in Chief" by Col. Alex K. McClure, with a faithful likeness of that famous journalist. Prose and poetry, in ever varying shades, are furnished by such well known authors as Henry Peterson, Amelia E. Barr, Albert Payson Terhune, Robert Neilson Stephens, D. L. Dawson, Julian Hawthorne, James Whitcomb Riley, John Ernest McCann and Melville Phillips, and others.

O'NEILL'S DEFIANCE.

The following stirring lyric, commemorative of Hugh O'Neill's defiance of Elizabeth, first appeared in the Galway *Vindicator* in 1845. The name of the author is unknown, but he is supposed to have been a gentleman named Dillon. In reading the poem it must be borne in mind, that in many parts of Ireland, the name O'Neill is even still pronounced *O'Nale*. In the sixteenth century, that was, no doubt, the general pronunciation, as it can be found so spelled in divers old chronicles:

"Go tell your surly, Saxon queen
I value not her might—
My arm is strong, my sword is keen,
To fight for Ireland's right:
Go say I serve not as she wills—
Her bribes shall not prevail,
I tread my own, my native hills—
My title's THE O'NEILL!

The Hy Niall race for ages trod
Those hills and mountains blue;
They lived and loved and worshipped God,
As freemen still should do;
And tho' their graves are 'round us now,
Their souls still guard our weal,
And by their souls no bawd shall bow
The glorious Clan O'Neill!

I'll chase the wolf, I'll hunt the roe
From mountain pass to plain,
Nor flood, nor fen, nor fence nor foe
Shall dare to check my rein!
These lands are mine, these wild words all,
From Maghera to the Pale,
And there I'll stand, or there I'll fall
As should the Chief O'Neill!

Then back, then back to England's queen,
And tell her this from me—
My own, my native isle of green
Shall from her chains be free;
Go say the Red Hand dreads not death—
No tyrant makes it quail—
"My foot is on my native heath,"*
My title's THE O'NEILL!

CUCHULLIN.

* See Macbeth.

NEW LIGHT ON CUSTER.

Capt. Godfrey's Striking and Picturesque Article in the "Century" Magazine.

The *Century Magazine* for January is one of the most attractive numbers of that great periodical ever published. An article that will attract more attention than any among the many able ones that appear in this month's issue, is one by Capt. Godfrey, of the 7th cavalry, splendidly illustrated, who took part in Reno's fight at the Little B'g Horn and who helped at the burial of the dead of Custer's command two days later. His theory of the Custer disaster is essentially different from those already advanced, and will serve to throw new light on the greatest tragedy recorded in the history of our Indian wars. Capt. Godfrey, after dealing with the preliminaries of Custer's movement, the march down the Rosebud, etc., says:

"The accepted theory for many years after the battle, and still persisted in by some writers, was that Custer's column had turned the high bluffs near the river, moved down the dry (Reno's) creek, and attempted to ford the river near the lowest point of these bluffs; that he was there met by an overpowering force and driven back; that he then divided his battalion, moved down the river with the hope of attacking the village, but met with such resistance from the enemy posted along the river bank and ravines that he was compelled to fall back, fighting, to the position on the ridge. The numerous bodies found scattered between the river and ridge were supposed to be the first victims of the fight. I am now satisfied that these were men who either survived those on the ridge or attempted to escape the massacre.

"Custer's route was as indicated on the map in the *Century*, and his column was never nearer the river or village than his final position on the ridge. The wife of Spotted Horn Bull, when giving me her account of the battle, persisted in saying that Custer's column did not attempt to cross at the ford and appealed to her husband, who supported her statement.

"On the battlefield, in 1886, Chief Gall indicated Custer's route to me and it then flashed upon me that I myself had seen Custer's trail. On June 28, while we were burying the dead, I asked Major Reno's permission to go on the high ridge east or back of the field to look for tracks of shod horses to ascertain if some of the command might have escaped. When I reached the ridge I saw this trail, and wondered who could have made it, but dismissed the thought that it had been made by Custer's column, because it did not accord with the theory with which we were then filled, that Custer had attempted to cross at the ford, and this trail was too far back, and showed no indication of leading toward the ford. Trumpeter Penwell was my orderly and accompanied me. It was a singular coincidence that in 1886 Penwell was stationed at Fort Custer and was my orderly when visiting the battlefield. Penwell corroborated my recollection of the trail.

"The ford theory arose from the fact that we found there numerous tracks of shod horses, but they evidently had been made after the Indians had possessed themselves of the cavalry horses, for they rode them after capturing them. No bodies of men or horses were found anywhere near the ford, and these facts are conclusive to my mind that Custer did not go to the ford with any body of men.

"As soon as Gall had personally confirmed Iron Cedar's report he sent word to the warriors battling against Reno, and to the people in the village. The greatest consternation prevailed among the families, and orders were given for them to leave at once. Before they could do so the great body of warriors had left Reno and hastened to attack Custer. This explains why Reno was not pushed when so much confusion at the river crossing gave the Indians every opportunity of annihilating his command. Not long after the Indians began to show a strong force in Custer's front, Custer turned his column to the left, and advanced in the direction of the village to near a place now marked as a spring, halted at the junction of the ravines just below it, and dismounted two troops, Keogh's and Calhoun's, to fight on foot. These two troops advanced at double-time to a knoll, now marked by Crittenden's monument. The other three troops, mounted, followed them a short distance in the rear. The led horses remained where the troops dismounted. When Keogh and Calhoun got to the knoll the other troops marched rapidly to the right; Smith's troop deployed as skirmishers, mounted, and took position on a ridge which, on Smith's left, ended in Keogh's position (now marked by Crittenden's monument), and on Smith's right ended on the hill on which Custer took position with Yates' and Tom Custer's troops, now known as Custer's Hill, and marked by the monument erected to the command. Smith's skirmishers, holding their gray horses, remained in groups of fours.

"The line occupied by Custer's battalion was the first considerable ridge back from the river, the nearest point being about half a mile from it. His front was extended about three fourths of a mile. The whole village was in full view. A few hundred yards from his line was another but lower ridge, the further slope of which was not commanded by his line. It was here that the Indians under Crazy Horse, from the lower part of the village, among whom were the Cheyennes, formed for the charge on Custer's Hill. All Indians had now left Reno. Gall collected his warriors and moved up a ravine south of Keogh and Calhoun. As they were turning this flank they discovered the led horses without any other guard than the horse holders. They opened fire upon the horse holders and used the usual devices to stampede the horses—that is, yelling, waving blankets, etc.; in this they succeeded very soon, and the horses were caught by the squaws. In this disaster Keogh and Calhoun probably lost their reserve ammunition, which was carried in the saddlebags. Gall's warriors now moved to the foot of the knoll held by Calhoun. A large force dismounted and advanced up the slope far enough to be able to see the soldiers when standing erect, but were protected when squatting or lying down. By jumping up and firing quickly they exposed themselves only for an instant, but drew the fire of the soldiers, causing a waste of ammunition. In the meantime Gall was massing his mounted warriors under the protection of the slope. When everything was in readiness, at a signal from Gall the dismounted warriors rose, fired, and every Indian gave voice to the war whoop; the mounted warriors put whip to their ponies and the whole mass rushed upon and crushed Calhoun. The maddened mass of Indians was carried forward by its own momentum over Calhoun and Crittenden down into the depression where Keogh was, with over thirty men, and all was over on that part of the field.

"In the meantime the same tactics were being pursued and executed around Custer's Hill. The warriors, under the leadership of Crow King, Crazy Horse, White Bull, 'Rump' and others, moved up the ravine west of Custer's Hill and concentrated under the shelter of the ridges on his right flank and back of his position. Gall's bloody work was finished before the annihilation of Custer was accomplished, and his victorious warriors hurried forward to the hot encounter now going on, and the frightful massacre was completed.

"Smith's men had disappeared from the ridge, but not without leaving enough dead bodies to mark their line. About twenty-eight bodies of men belonging to this troop and other organizations were found in one ravine nearer the river. Many corpses were found scattered over the field between Custer's line of defense, the river, and in the direction of Reno's Hill. These, doubtless, were of men who had attempted to escape; some of them may have been sent as couriers by Custer. One of the first bodies I recognized, and one of the nearest to the ford, was that of Sergeant Butler, of Tom Custer's troop. Sergeant Butler was a soldier of many years' experience, and of known courage. The indications were that he had sold his life dearly, for near and under him were found many empty cartridge shells.

"All the Indian accounts that I know of agree that there was no organized close quarters fighting, except on the two flanks; that with the annihilation at Custer's Hill the battle was virtually over. It does not appear that the Indians made any advance to the attack from the direction of the river; they did have a defense force along the river and in the ravines, which destroyed those who left Custer's line.

"There was a great deal of firing going on over the field after the battle by the young men and boys riding about and shooting into the dead bodies.

Elephant Parades of Ancient Days.

It was in the processions and pageants that elephants made the finest appearance, fitted with magnificent trappings, and marching slowly along, as if conscious of their fine looks. One of the most remarkable shows was that at the wedding of Vistar Ali, in 1795. Here twelve hundred elephants were in line, all richly costumed. Of these one hundred had howdahs, or castles, covered with silver, while in the centre sat the nabob upon a very large elephant whose howdah was covered with gold set with jewels.

The daily parade of the elephants of the court of Jehanghir was a wonderful display. The elephants were bedecked with precious stones, chains of gold and silver, gilt banners and flags. The first elephant, called the lord elephant, had the plates of his head and breast set with rubies and emeralds, and as he passed the king he turned, dropped upon his knees and trumpeted loudly—not in loyal frame of mind exactly, but because the driver pricked him with a sharp prod just at the right time. Silly people, however, believed that the elephant was showing respect for the king.

Today the elephant is still used in India in pageants, as a laborer, especially in the lumber districts, where it is taught to carry long timbers, and, as has been said, forms a corps in the British army; but in active warfare it is now useful only in a few cases, and can never be employed so frequently as in ancient times.—*Charles Frederick Holder, in January St Nicholas.*

FOR THE CITIZEN.

POET AND QUEEN.

(A Fairy Legend of Ancient Ireland.)

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

PART II.

Next summer came.
One day within the king's palatial halls
Sat Edain, all in jewels by her lord,
And armed men stood round the royal throne,
Beth's tall Dalcassians, bravest of the brave,
When lo! the bard rushed through their gleaming spears,
And struck his golden harp to song, and said:
"O Edain, thou shalt come with me afar
Down to my kingdom 'neath the old grey hills,
Where crown and kisses wait thy dainty head,
And gems of fairy mines from Araby;
For thou art fairest of all women, dear,
And crimson as the mead are thy ripe lips!"
He sped to where the weeping Edain lay,
And with a magic wand he touched her brow,
Thus stealing all the love she owed to Beth,
And making it his own. Then proudly there
He bore her in his strong arms from her lord
Who sat bedazzled by, while all the knights
Stood in a dream. A clattering of hoofs,
A loud triumphant cry upon the air,
And Edain and her lover sped that day
Far o'er the plains and up the mountain gorge
Lost in a haze of cloud to mortal ken.

Thereon the story passed from lip to lip
That Beth's young bride was now the peerless spouse
Of Midas, king of the Tuatha race,
For Midas was the poet, who had come
With magic in his glances and a wand
That won him lovely Edain for his own.
Then Beth grew doubly angry, and he said:
"The Danaan's lips caressing hers are cursed
For Danaan doth mean devil. Up, my men,
And rend the mountains' flanks in twain
Into the very bowels of the land
In quest of her!"

Months passed. Still Midas reigned
O'er Edain's youthful heart, and held her his,
His queen, his slave, his plaything, and his all;
He taught her strangest tongues, and weirdest songs,
And trained her feet to pirouette and dance
To tend'rest fairy music. Flowers strewed
Her pathway through the wealth of mystic groves,
And fays and pages formed her escort there
During long days.

At last impatient grown
Beth's warriors pierced Ben Nephin's rugged flanks
And plunging down a mystic precipice
They found at last the land of Tir-na-noge
And there, when blood had flown in scarlet streams
Athwart their way, they rescued Queen Edain.
Then by the king's command both fire and sword
Pursued the evil Danaans till not one—
Not even Midas—lived to play with hearts
And win the love of women with their skill—
The skill and art of demons!

Now the queen
Though taken to the bosom of her spouse
Drooped like a stricken flow'r and repined,
Regretting all the joys of fairyland,
And rocking nought of Beth, her aged lord,
Who slew the poet Midas, but could not
Slay the bard's image that within her soul
Held still fond sway, though gleaming from a grave.
And so no heir rose up to keep the name
Of Beth's old royal house alive; and so
It passed away in darkness evermore—
Its proud escutcheon buried in the dust
With battle axe and spear and flag and shield!
And stones were rolled across its glory there
And ashes fell on ashes, dust on dust!

Magistrate Wilbere's Gift.

The formal presentation to Magistrate M. F. Wilbere, of the *Times'* silver service, voted to him by the majority of the visitors to the Park theatre during the past two weeks was made yesterday afternoon by Manager Frank Howe, Jr. The fortunate and popular magistrate was surrounded by hosts of his friends, who had been chiefly instrumental in winning for him the handsome service. Among them were Counselor P. F. Dever, Matthew Dittman, John J. Johnson, who personally purchased over $50 worth of tickets, representing 5,000 votes; Emanuel J. Page, Edward O'Gorman, Daniel McGettigan, Michael Gilmore, James J. Madden, John J. Jackson and the ever popular state secretary of the A. O. H., Cornelius O'Brien.

Manager Howe made the presentation, and Magistrate Wilbere, in accepting it made a very appropriate speech, in which he thanked his friends for the unexpected honor they had conferred upon him and for which he felt correspondingly grateful. "The service," said Magistrate Wilbere, "is a most handsome one, and I shall accept it as an especial Christmas present, which will ever remind me, if I should need any reminder, of the disinterested kindness of those friends who have been the means of my winning it. At the same time I would like to accord my hearty thanks to Mr. Frank Howe, Jr., and the management of the Park theatre."—*Philadelphia Times, Dec 26*

Havlin's Theatre.

Manager Havlin is greatly pleased to announce to his patrons that he has secured for their entertainment during the week beginning with the matinee, Sunday, Jan. 10, Lincoln J. Carter's company, in "The Fast Mail." This play, which was written by Mr. Carter, had its initial representation at Havlin's only theatre one year ago last summer, and achieved an immediate and pronounced hit. "The Fast Mail" was the first play in which any attempt was made to give anything like a realistic representation of a railway train in motion, and the idea was original with the author.

Mr. Hamlin also announces the appearance at his dainty theatre during the week of Jan. 17, of that favorite actor, Mr. Oliver Doud Byron, in his latest and greatest success, "The Plunger." The play is sensational comedy drama, with a strong and original plot, and affords Mr. Byron great opportunities for the display of his well known abilities. The play abounds in startling and realistic features.

Death of Lieut. Kelly, H. B.

At the regular monthly meeting of the board of officers of the Hibernian Rifles, held on Saturday evening, Dec. 5, 1891, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has seemed good in the Almighty God to remove from among us our talented and beloved comrade, Lieut. John J. Kelly, of Company "C," therefore, in view of the loss we have sustained and the still heavier loss occasioned to his respective relatives, be it

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the relatives and near friends of our late and beloved comrade, and that we respectfully commend them for consolation to the Almighty God, who, though sometimes inscrutable in His dispensations, doeth all things well, feeling sure that to them, as to us, there is a comfort in the knowledge that the deceased was not only honorable and manly in all respects, but was also a devoted and consistent Catholic.

Resolved, That in token of our sorrow at the death of our comrade the officers of this organization wear crepe for thirty days.

Resolved, That the secretary of this meeting is instructed to spread those resolutions on the minutes of the meeting, and also send a copy to THE CITIZEN for publication as a testimonial of our grief and sympathy.

COL. JAMES H. LYNCH.
CAPT. JAMES J. O'REILLY,
CAPT GARRETT J. CARROLL.
Committee on Resolutions.

Literary Notes.

"Wakeman's Wanderings," which have become famous in the literature of foreign travel and observation, have been secured by the Chicago *News* for weekly use during 1892. The *Inter-Ocean* controlled [illegible] for some years, but the [illegible] Wakeman his first practical encouragement after his [illegible] misfortunes with the *Current* in 1886, by the publication of his now world wanderings among the Gipsies, has succeeded in regaining control of the "Wanderings." Edgar L. Wakeman is of western birth, pluck, energy and education; and it is a hopeful augury to western writers at large that another of their number has, alone and unaided, attained success and fame among the foremost litterateurs of Europe and the East.

C. O. F.

IN MEMORIAM, REV. J. J. SULLIVAN.

At a meeting of St. Thomas' Court, No. 15, C. O. F., held January 4, 1892, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved brother, Rev. J. J. Sullivan, and

WHEREAS, We bow in submission to the will of Divine Providence, therefore be it

Resolved, That by the death of our brother, Rev. J. J. Sullivan, St. Thomas' Court loses a good brother, a faithful counsellor, and a devoted friend, and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our court, and copies be sent to THE CITIZEN, the Chicago *Catholic Home*, and the *Foresters Guide*.

THOMAS MULVIHILL,
JOHN MOTT,
J. T. KEATING.
Committee.

With his thumb, a boy is said to have saved the Netherlands from inundation. Many people have been saved from the invasion of disease by a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine imparts tone to the system and strengthens every organ and fibre of the body.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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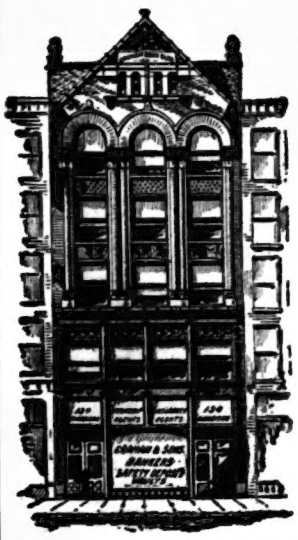

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ESTATE OF LUCINDA RELYEA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1892, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, December 15, 1891.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL, Administrator
David Sullivan, Attorney.

THE LOVE UNKNOWN.

Sweet maid, you have not known me—
I am [illegible]
Yet, [illegible] known me
Before [illegible] skies,
Though now [illegible] distance
No earthly [illegible] with,
Some day, [illegible] palace,
Your [illegible] me in!

Some [illegible] blossom
With [illegible] ways,
And [illegible] Night's bosom
With [illegible] rays
Some day [illegible] lying
Face [illegible] form and strife,
Your lips shall [illegible] me, dying,
And [illegible] back to life!

Then will the bird songs, ringing,
Fall soft on fields of bloom;
Then will the streams flow singing
Through groves of rich perfume;
Then shall the world benighted,
The rarest splendor win,
And at Love's palace lighted
Your arms shall take me in!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

STEALING A JOSS.

Clara Kinghan was one of the prettiest girls that ever walked on two feet. When a fellow hove alongside her he couldn't help remarking the beauty of her lines. She was as lovely as a clipper ship bowling along under a cloud of canvas, and that's saying a good deal. All the men in Old Salem, Mass., were madly in love with her, and no wonder. But there was no lubberly landsman good enough for her, I warrant you. She had hauled down her colors long ago and surrendered to Jack Crowninshield, the big captain of the East Indiaman Coromandel, lying down at the dock and taking in cargo for Colombo.

The skipper was as smart a sailorman as ever took a sight at the sun and the Coromandel was as splendid a ship as ever flew the saucy stars and stripes from her monkey gaff. Mind you, I am spinning a yarn of times ever so long ago, when Salem was a busy, thriving maritime town with her merchants engaged in the Indian trade, and when her ships, laden with oriental silks, spices, hides and other products, were continually coming into port. I was a lively lad in those days, having taken to the sea like a goose to the pond, and when my captain, Jack Crowninshield, got spliced to Clara Kinghan in the little stone church on the hill I was there as large as life.

The skipper seemed more flustered than she did, and as they passed down the aisle it was admitted that a likelier couple had never before been united at the altar. They went to Boston to spend the honeymoon, and I went back aboard, took off my Sunday-go-to-meeting togs and went aloft with my tar brush.

All our crew was already shipped, as we were to sail in three weeks' time, and we were trying to see how pretty we could make the old packet look before we cast off from the dock and pointed her nose to blue water. Our sailors were neither Dutchmen nor dagoes such as one meets with in these degenerate days, but good Americans—the finest seamen in the world. Pompey, the coal black cook, was an American, too, and nobody could handle the foresheet as well as he; and I tell you his pork and beans was a dish that would make you blubber like a baby for more and his plum duff was so indescribably luscious that every Sunday forenoon while it was a-sizzling in the coppers you would find the watch on deck, all of them under the lee of the galley with the water fairly running out of their mouths as they inhaled the fragrant odors of plums and spice.

The Coromandel was one of the fastest clippers hailing from Salem, and it was the ambition of every old woman who had sons to dispose of to get them aboard of her. Mothers used to bring their boys down to the dock and waylay the skipper. Some of them would fall down on their marrowbones and just beg of him to take their boys. It was a proud day for me when I was shipped, and on that occasion I felt as haughty as a dog with two tails. This was my second voyage, and the skipper took quite an interest in me. I was given charge of his cabin and used to keep his traps in order when at sea, the steward being a little old and shaky on his pins.

The day before the ship was to sail Captain Crowninshield brought his wife back from Boston and installed her in the dearest little old fashioned cottage that ever was. It was covered with creepers and vines, and in the little garden that surrounded it hollyhocks, sweet williams and any amount of other scented posies grew luxuriantly and perfumed the air.

Mrs. Crowninshield came aboard the ship that afternoon, and while her husband was at the custom house getting his clearance papers and transacting other business she and I fixed up the captain's cabin. It did my heart good to see that dainty little woman decorating the cabin with ribbons and putting everything in apple pie order. The contrivances for his comfort that were evolved from her shapely little head were so ingenious that I fairly opened my mouth with admiration. A lucky fellow was Jack Crowninshield, always eating the fat and drinking the sweet of life. But while this labor of love was occupying the little woman's mind and busy fingers big tears were welling up in her blue eyes, for tomorrow was the day of sorrowful parting, and she would not be likely to see that big husband of hers for at least two years. I fell in love with her at sight, and for nearly two years I dreamed about her.

In the morning there was a large crowd to see us off. When the skipper stepped aboard I noticed he looked sad and grave—so different from his usual reckless and jovial appearance. Mrs. Crowninshield did not see the ship off. The strain would have been too much for her. They gave us three cheers as we spread our canvas to the breeze and sailed out to sea. The wind was fair and it was a delightful August day. We gave her every stitch she would stagger under and Salem was soon out of sight.

Nothing particular happened during the passage out. The skipper confided to me that he intended to make a collection of curios for his wife, who was a particular admirer of things from foreign parts. I was only a youngster, as I have said before, but if the captain had only known how madly I was in love with his wife he would doubtless have kicked me around the decks. I think I was fifteen years old at the time, and was as foolish as I was young. It is astonishing what influence a kindly word from a pretty woman has upon a sailor boy accustomed to fewer halfpence than kicks! Besides, my love was akin to spiritual worship.

However, I made up my mind that if curios would make Mrs. Crowninshield happy I would do my best to afford her pleasure. So when we were bowling along through the northeast trades and the flying fish came aboard I used to pick out the finest and largest and preserve them for keeping, after the recipe of an old sailor, who was something of a taxidermist. These fish I would mount on panels of wood given to me by the carpenter, and with their wings extended with ingenious skill (though I say it who shouldn't) they looked quite ornamental.

The captain did his best to make a smart passage. The Coromandel was in her best trim and was kept moving all the time. When we got down to about 35 degs. south latitude, and were in hopes of getting a piping westerly breeze with which to run down, we were hampered by a dead calm. It was quite lucky for me, but the skipper fretted and fumed like a newly caught bear in a pit. He wanted to make the smartest passage on record. The ship was surrounded by flocks of Cape pigeons, Cape hens and an occasional albatross. The pigeons, which are birds of beautiful plumage, were caught easily with hook and line. All you had to do was to throw over your line baited with a morsel of salt pork and haul them in hand over fist. I caught several hundred and grew quite expert in skinning them and curing the skins. They were all intended for Mrs. Crowninshield.

It was a triumphant hour for me when I captured an albatross. I am an old, broken down man now, having been a sailor boy and man for more than fifty years, and chiefly in the southern trade. For voyage after voyage I have tried to catch an albatross with bait, but failed always. Cape hens—the vultures of the sea—you can capture at will. They will bite at any garbage. But the albatross is a cleanly bird and I never knew one to be taken with hook and line.

This morning, however, I was on the forecastle head, hanging out a shirt to dry, when the albatross blundered on board. He was a magnificent bird, one of the finest I ever saw. He settled down on the deck and looked like a sailor that had lost his bearings. In a moment ensued a battle that beat hollow the tilt of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure in his duel with the windmills. I grabbed him by the neck and he thrashed at me with bill and wing. The watch below, hearing the noise, came running on deck and rescued me, all covered with blood. For the next two days I was engaged on his skin. It used up all my arsenical soap, and I had to get a bottle of red pepper from the steward to complete the task. It was all for Mrs. Crowninshield. Did any misfortune happen the ship after the killing of the albatross? Not a misfortune.

The ancient mariner was an adept in romantic fiction. You can kill albatrosses without any weather breeding results. I have no superstition, but I will tell you something gleaned from ripe experience. Fish, flesh and fowl may be sacrificed at sea without any supernatural results. But I have never known a pig to be stuck aboard a ship but that either a gale of wind followed or something disastrous happened. This I will swear to.

* * * * * *

We got to Colombo on the hundredth day out from Salem—a capital passage in those days. Every rupee I could scrape up was spent in gathering together curios for Mrs. Crowninshield. My father, a well to do Salem merchant, had thoughtfully placed in the captain's hands a couple of hundred dollars to be doled out to me during our stay on the Indian coast. I bought a big cedar wood trunk with quaint silver handles, and in this moth proof receptacle I stowed away all my precious bird skins and mounted flying fish. My love grew madder than ever.

I had a letter of introduction to a charming English family living near Kaduwella, a Singhalese village on the southern bank of the Kalany river, about a day's journey in bullock wagon from Colombo. I easily obtained leave of absence while the ship was discharging her cargo, and spent a week there thoroughly enjoying myself. My host made things very pleasant for me, and we took many excursions in the neighborhood that pleased me much.

One of the famous resorts thereabout was a Buddhist temple, irreverently called a joss house by heathens and barbarians. Cut out of the natural rock, it was shaded by banyan trees, whose big leaves, shaped like a heart, quivered continually in aspen fashion.

Inside the temple, which was guarded by a fat, good natured priest clad in a yellow robe, reclined the image of Buddha, leaning on his left arm. The priest showed us around the temple, and I explored every nook and corner. Carefully concealed behind a curtain was a little niche in which were arranged a number of little idols, evidently the priest's own particular Lares and Penates. One was the quaintest and most picturesque thing of the kind you ever saw. It was carved out of a block of teak, and was four feet high. It had three heads, each of which was supplied with three eyes of greenish stones which looked like emeralds.

The priest wouldn't sell me this idol, and in fact looked quite offended when I offered to purchase it. He was propitiated and appeased, however, by the welcome gift of a rupee.

I was bound to get that idol for Mrs. Crowninshield. Accordingly I laid my plans with what I thought was rare skill. I bought a little canoe from a native for a trifle and concealed it in the jungle near the river. I knew that if I attempted to steal the idol and take it to Colombo overland I should be detected, as probably instructed by the superstitious Singhalese. Therefore the river was my sole hope. The tide would carry me down swiftly, and I could easily reach my ship.

One pitch dark night I made for the joss house. The fat old priest was asleep. You could hear his snores afar off. There were neither locks nor bolts on the portal, and two little lamps of cocoanut oil served to make darkness visible. I knew the latitude and longitude of the shrine perfectly and soon had the idol in my grasp. Was it only imagination that made me think it trembled as I hugged it to my bosom and made for the canoe? I launched my little craft and paddled vigorously down the river. The current was rapid. The boat struck a sunken tree and in an instant capsized. I clung to an overhanging branch for my life.

Now a strange thing happened. The idol, with a glare of baleful light glittering from its nine green eyes, swam up the stream, cleaving the water with the impetuosity of a salmon trout. It had suddenly come to life. This was too much for me. I lost consciousness.

When I recovered I was in my friend's bungalow. It appears that a party of fishermen going out to catch prawns for the morning dish of curry had seen me clinging to the tree. They had recognized me as the guest of the "Burra Sahib" and had taken me to his house. I made a clean breast of it to my host. He told me that it was impossible to steal an idol from the joss house. They always returned to the temple. He took me to the shrine and pulling aside the curtain from the niche there sat the same old idol, as unconcerned and inanimate as you please. How did he get back?

"Come to the village with me," said my host. We went to the hut of a native carpenter, who was engaged in whittling out an idol almost the exact counterpart of the one I tried to steal. I bought it for fifteen rupees.

"That one can never get away—it hasn't been blessed," said the Burra Sahib.

* * * * * *

Eighteen months after leaving Salem we landed there again, concluding a most prosperous voyage. I hired a wagon, and packing all my curios was driven up to the house of Captain Crowninshield, choosing a time when the skipper was engaged at the office of the owners. Mrs. Crowninshield was at home looking lovelier and more blooming than ever. She was kind enough to remember me. I displayed my collection and presented it, including the idol. She kissed the ugly faces of the monster. Then turning to me she exclaimed: "Tom Jackson! How can I ever repay you for your kindness? I am ever so much obliged."

Then she paused for a few moments. Suddenly a bright thought illuminated her lovely countenance.

"I'll tell you what, Tom," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "You can come up stairs and kiss my baby. He is nine months old today, and I [illegible]ving a sort of a birthd[illegible] J. K. in New York Reco[illegible]

The "Oyster" of th[illegible]

Many will recall the oft repeated [illegible]y of the young epicure, Brillat Savara[illegible]'s son, who ordered thirty turkeys for his dinner. When his father reprimanded him for such extravagance on an occasion when he dined alone, the youth recalled the fact that there was one portion of the turkey which the father had always reserved for himself—the very tidbit of the bird—and as there were but two small portions of it in each bird the order could in no way be called extravagant. This tidbit is known as the "oyster" of the turkey, and probably not one carver in twenty can tell you exactly where it lies. It is not, as many suppose, a piece of the white meat of the breast. The breast is composed of only two distinct layers on each side, the upper and lower fillets. The "oyster," in fact, is a portion of exceedingly tender dark meat, which lies in the hollow on each side of the backbone near and just above the second joint.

By examining the bare carcass of a carved turkey the two hollows where the "oysters" lie will be easily perceived, and one will note that their shape is a long oval similar to that of a Rockaway oyster. Unhappily this tidbit is often ignored by the carver or is sliced with the second joint. It should be served intact to any one at table who can appreciate the best bit of the bird.—New York Tribune.

She Wanted Codfish.

She had come over to New York to do some shopping with friends from Brooklyn, whose guest she was. Her garb and bearing betokened an abundance of this world's goods, and her unreserved speech plainly indicated to other patrons of Delmonico's who were within sound of her voice that she had made some purchases of a costly character.

"Well, now for luncheon," she said, pausing in her talk about jewelry, silks and laces. "What do I want? Let me see. Girls, let us have as nice a luncheon as the house affords. Each of you give your orders."

The taste of the three Brooklyn ladies ran to patties, salads, partridge, cold turkey, potato chips, sliced oranges and cream puffs. The polite waiter made a note of those delicacies and turned inquiringly to the visiting lady. She carefully studied each page of the bill of fare, and, after ascertaining what her friends had ordered, she looked the waiter straight in the eye and said with the air of one born to command, "Young man, bring me a large plate of picked up codfish."—New York Times.

A Spanish Method of Luring Sleep.

Cures for insomnia are very numerous, and before any man could try them all he would be asleep forever. A way for putting young children to sleep is of Spanish origin. It requires that the back from the neck to the waist be gently rubbed.—Chicago News.

Bismarck is what in Germany they call a "chain smoker," that is he smokes from morning till night without a break, lighting one cigar with the end of the other.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

A YOUNG WESTERN HUNTER'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Caught by a "Water Witch" and Carried Down Stream, Now Sinking, Now Rising, Until at Last a Friendly Root Interfered to Rescue Him from Death.

"I had an encounter with a 'water witch' when I was in Utah," remarked one of a party of young men who were seated round a small table the other evening (no matter where), telling tales of adventure by land and sea. In response to the general demand the speaker told this story:

"In the month of July, a few years ago, I camped with a party from Salt Lake City on the banks of the Provo river. The Provo, as we used to say at school, rises amid the snow clad peaks of the Wasatch mountains, flows south, and empties into Utah lake. The track of a deer discovered one morning within the borders of the camp caused some excitement among us.

"The next day Mr. F. and I shouldered our guns and went out to shoot the invader. We crossed the river by a bridge a few miles below camp and climbed a bold mountain wall. At the end of a long tramp I found myself on the opposite bank of the river about half a mile above our camp. I was alone, having separated from my companion early in the hunt. I was in a disgusted frame of mind. I had started the deer, had an excellent shot and a touch of buck fever, although the deer was a doe, and had missed.

"The way I had come looked long and hard, and I resolved to ford the river. At the time it was at full bank, deep and swift. I crossed one arm of the stream to a large island without difficulty, the water not coming above my knees. From this island the other branch of the river looked more uncertain. The water was certainly waist deep and the current was swift. I noticed that at the lower end of the island, where the two currents joined again, the water foamed up three or four feet high, as if breaking over a rock. On each bank there was a dense growth of willow bushes, with long drooping stems which reached out over the river, some of the tips touching the water.

A TERRIBLE VOYAGE.

"Though no hunter I am a good swimmer, and have always been accustomed to the water from boyhood. The thought of any personal danger in crossing a stream not more than twenty yards wide never entered my mind. I thought I might possibly drop the gun, and was quite certain to ruin a box of cartridges I carried in my pocket. These considerations alone made me give any attention to the lay of the land and the course of the currents.

"I entered the water and advanced toward the opposite bank, holding the gun in one hand and high. It was deeper than I thought, the water coming quite up to my shoulders. I was about to reach for one of the bending willow stems when I made a misstep and was swept off my feet, the current carrying me swiftly to the center of the foaming water at the end of the island, where I went to the bottom like lead. I came up far enough to see daylight shining through the water when I went to the bottom again. I still had the gun. As I came up the second time I began to spin around like a top.

"Then I realized that I was in trouble. I dropped the gun, and with the aid of both arms brought my head above water and clear of the whirlpool. I was gasping for breath when I got to the air, but I had not taken in any water, and although much exhausted from the pounding I had received by the fierce current I was congratulating myself on my escape when, floating easy with both arms free, I felt myself slowly but surely going under again.

"Then something like terror seized me. I thought my last moments of life had come. Luckily there came with this thought the resolve of a desperate man to die by inches and to cling to life until the last gasp. There was a great impulse at first to cry out for help. I could hear the 'clip' of a Mormon farmer's hayrake in the field on the other side of the river and his chirp to his horse. But I knew in that awful moment that the call for help was only to waste the breath I had resolved to husband.

THE WATER WITCH.

"I felt my strength going as you can feel a pair of reins slip through your hands. Every few feet, slowly but surely, I would go under. Then, by desperate exertions with my arms, I would bring my nose and mouth above the water again. The river swept me under a bunch of those long, graceful willow branches, but again I was steady enough not to catch hold of them. I knew that to do so was to waste my efforts for life in vain. They were slippery, they were small, and would not hold me.

"At such a time one's thoughts travel faster than light. I have heard it said that drowning is an easy death to die. It did not present that phase to me. In going 100 yards, in spite of every effort on my part, I went under several times, but never to the bottom.

"As I was shot along out of reach of the willows I saw an old log lying half on the bank and half in the water. My hopes rose again and I thought I should certainly save myself there. As I came to it I went under again and the current swept me up against it full length. I tried to grasp it, but it was slimy and I could not hold to it, and I pushed myself free from it. The current made a bend around a little point there, and as I rounded it not six feet before me a willow root as thick as my wrist elbowed out over the water directly in my path and I caught it with both hands.

"I doubt if even then I could have drawn myself out, I was so nearly used up; but as my legs straightened out before the force of the current my feet struck against another root. I caught my wind in a few minutes and then crawled up on the bank. I was safe out of the embrace of the 'water witch.'"—New York Times.

What a Baby Did in One Hour.

Uncle Will, the good natured bachelor of the family, was left in charge of the baby one day while every one else was out, and out of curiosity he made a list of what the baby did in one hour. Here it is:

Yelled fifteen minutes without taking breath. (Uncle Will declares solemnly that this is a true statement.)

Pulled out enough hair from his uncle's head and whiskers to stuff a sofa pillow.

Crocked the wall paper as high as he could reach with the poker.

Broke a stereoscope by sitting down on it.

Swallowed six buttons and a good part of a spool of thread.

Emptied the contents of his mother's workbasket down the furnace register.

Tried to squeeze the head of the cat into a tin cup, and was scratched badly in the attempt.

Knocked the head off of a fine wax doll belonging to his older sister by trying to drive a tack into a toy wagon with it.

Fell off the edge of the whatnot and brought down with him two costly vases which were ruined.

Broke two panes of window glass with a cane which uncle let him have.

Fell into the coalhod and spoiled his new white dress.

Set fire to the carpet while uncle was out of the room hunting up something to amuse him.

Crawled under the bed and refused to come out unless uncle would give him the molasses jug.

Got twisted into the rungs of a chair which had to be broken to get him out.

Poured a pitcher of water into his mother's best shoes.

Finally, when he saw his mother coming, he ran out to the porch and tumbled off the steps, making his nose bleed and tearing a hole a foot square in his dress.

And yet Uncle Will thinks that boy will make something yet.—Youth's Companion.

How Prince Lucien Bonaparte Was Uffed.

It was said that there was no word in language or dialect which Prince Lucien was unable to trace to its etymological source. But he got fogged once. It was at Exeter. He was seeking a knowledge of the great Devonshire language from Mr. Baird, the poet in dialect of the Devonshire nation. He asked at a well known newspaper office where Mr. Baird wrote his weekly verses, "Is Mr. Baird in?" There was a boy at the counter. The boy replied with an affirmative which can be only dimly represented by the letters "uff," made by drawing the breath inward. The prince repeated the question. The boy again breathed him a reply. The prince became angry. "I ask is he in?" The boy again drew in his breath between his lips. Then the prince smiled. Mr. Baird met him and found that he had forgotten his vexation in his desire to investigate a new etymological problem. "What do you mean in Devonshire," he cried, "by 'uff?' For half an hour the prince and the poet tried to get to the bottom of the problem, when at last the fact dawned on Mr. Baird's mind that he had tried to teach the prince what was unteachable. He made the prince so disconsolate that the people in the county are quite capable of saying that Prince Lucien died of vexation at his inability to say "Yes" in the great Devonshire language, or to explain the origin of an inspiratory affirmative.—Cor. Liverpool Mercury.

Copper Mines in New Jersey.

Copper mines were operated before the Revolution near Flemington, N. J., by an English company, and since that time the history of these deposits has been a varied one. In 1836 a company was formed with the intention of developing the copper on the Rockafellow property. Three English miners were engaged, and in opening one of the pre-Revolutionary shafts, about fifty feet below the surface, they came across some mining tools, such as wedges and picks and an oak bucket, strongly bound with iron, of about two bushels capacity. They found an irregular chamber about fifteen feet square from which they believed copper ore had been taken.

This experiment was a failure, as were the attempts of numerous companies for the next thirty years. The best results ever secured was to produce copper at the cost of one dollar a pound when it was selling at eighteen cents in the market. The trouble appears to be that the copper exists only in small pockets and not in sufficient quantities to pay for the labor of getting it out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Giving Wood a Good Color.

Many hard woods of superior color and grain may be greatly improved by treatment. The graining or marking of the wood is always a beautiful feature, and it can be greatly improved and accentuated, if faint, by giving the entire piece one coat of raw oil, and then with a camel's hair brush going over the various lines and veinings several times. Each coat increases the color. A slight coat of varnish will help to keep the color.—New York Tribune.

Knew About Servants.

Little girl to her nurse, who has told her the story of Adam and Eve's dismissal from the garden of Eden—I suppose they were both sent away without a character.—London Truth.

A Kentucky paper tells of seven ears of corn, each weighing a pound, that grew on one stalk.

Carle Klesath of Minonk, Ills., killed a sparrow and while trying to dislodge it from the tree the gun was accidently discharged, wounding him seriously.

During the last year 192 persons were arrested in New York for attempted suicide.

The population of New York town, as estimated by the health department, was 1,680,796 July 1, 1891, as against 1,631,232 in 1890.

Ex-President McCosh of Princeton college has undertaken a very ambitious literary work. He proposes to issue a full set of volumes on the various departments of the human mind, and is at present writing a little book on ethics to begin the series.

OLIVE OIL OF TUSCANY.

Method of Securing the Best Grade of Oil That Comes from Over the Water.

"A salad must be salted by a wise man, receive vinegar from a miser and oil from a spendthrift." So says an Italian proverb, but first of all acquaint yourself with the character of the latter fluid or the consequences are more awful than human lips can describe. Those happy beings who have sojourned in Tuscany refuse oil in any country save that of its birth, and as it fell to my lot to be in that lovely province during the olive harvest, I made a point of finding out about the chief industry of the swarthy sons and daughters of Italy who make the fertile hills resound with their songs and laughter while they pluck and sort the fruit from the shapely trees.

Men and boys were perched on ladders amid the dark green leaves, and picturesque figures they made with their bright colored shirts and brilliant eyes. Each of these gatherers has strapped around his waist an odd wicker basket shaped like a crescent. This is called the "bugnolo," and receives all the perfect fruit its bearer plucks. It is about a foot deep, and admirably adapted for its special use, being light and not likely to impede the worker's movements. The fruit deposited in this is neither bruised nor crushed, one of the chief requirements for oil of the "first quality."

The work of the women and children consists of carefully picking up the olives dropped by the men from their lofty perches. This fruit, which is usually bruised in its tumble, is put aside for the "second quality."

The first olive is gold, the second silver, the third worth nothing, says the old proverb. Olives are a most delicate crop and require constant attention. The Tuscan looks down with proper contempt upon the south Italian for his carelessness and want of cleanliness in the oil preparation.

In Tuscany only the freshly picked fruit is used to make the first quality of oil. The second quality is made from the fallen berries, while the third quality, which is used only for lamps, comes from the olives blown down by the wind or knocked off by heavy rain or hail. From lying on the ground these olives acquire an earthy taste, and, as they are kept for some time before crushing, the oil has not that brilliancy of color which is so much prized.

There are countless varieties of olives. Enough fruit of the first quality having been gathered for the press, the crowd of pickers enter a huge vaulted apartment with a large stone basin in the center, in which the olives are all emptied. In this basin is a millstone about six feet in diameter, set up on end and revolving around a wooden column. An ox is harnessed to a pole projecting from the centerpiece, and as the beast paces around the basin a man follows and shovels the olives, soon reduced to greenish pulp. When sufficiently crushed two men bring in a hand barrow with long handles, on which lie the "gabbia," circular baskets with a hole through the middle of each.

These baskets look as if made of cocoa matting, but are of thick cord manufactured from rushes. As they are filled with the pulp they are carried to a press and heaped with great care one on top of the other. Many taps and pushes are given by the padrone to the pile of "gabbia," out of which great drops of yellow green oil already exude. A disk of new wood is then placed on the top of the oily mountain, and then begins the hard work.

The oil press, upon which the "gabbia" are placed, consists of an enormous beam through which goes the screw and is finished below by a square block of wood pierced with two holes supported by two massive posts. A pole is inserted into the block, and with many odd cries and exclamations the men turn the screw round and the oil comes gushing out on all sides, mixed with dirty looking water. Olives contain only one-third of oil and two of water.

The liquid runs into a conduit cut around the press in the marble floor and disappears down a hole at one side covered with a wooden lid. When this is raised a small vat is exposed, and as the oil of course is floating on the top, it is delicately skimmed with a flat tin scoop hollowed in the center.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Well Authenticated Human Tails.

Apparently well authenticated instances of human tails are that of a Moi boy, twelve years old, who was found a few years ago in Cochin China, and had a tail about a foot long—simply a mass of flesh—containing no bony frame; and the case communicated to the Berlin Anthropological society in July, 1890, by the Dutch resident at Ternate, of two natives of New Guinea, who had come on board his steamer in Geelvink bay in 1880—adult male Papuans, in good health and spirits, well shaped and muscular, who had coccygeal bones projecting four centimeters, or an inch and a half in length. Dr. O. W. Holmes says, in The Atlantic Monthly for June, 1890, that Dr. Priestley, of London, showed him, at the medical congress in Washington, a photograph of a boy who had "a very respectable tail."—Popular Science Monthly.

Some Biblical Facts.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,175 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm; the shortest and middle chapter, the 117th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th of the 18th Psalm. The longest name is in the 8th chapter of Isaiah. The word "and" occurs 46,627 times; the word "Lord" 1,855 times. The 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of the second book of Kings are alike. The longest verse is the 9th of the 8th chapter of Esther; the shortest verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of John. In the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra is the alphabet. The finest reading is the 26th chapter of Acts. The name of God is not mentioned in the book of Esther. It contains knowledge, wisdom, holiness and love.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Aerial Navigation and Warfare.

Many ask what use aerial navigation will be put to in case it succeeds. To this I would reply, certainly not for carrying freight, and not, for a considerable time at least, for carrying passengers. When the first flying machine succeeds, its first great use will be for military purposes. It will at once become an engine of war, not only to reconnoiter the enemy's positions, as has been attempted with the socalled dirigible balloons, but also for carrying and dropping into the enemy's lines and country large bombs charged with high explosives.

It does not require a prophet to foresee that successful machines of this character would at once make it possible for a nation possessing them to paralyze completely an enemy by destroying in a few hours the important bridges, armories, arsenals, gas and water works, railway stations, public buildings, etc., and that all the modern means of defense, both by land and sea, which have cost untold millions, would at once be rendered worthless. Of course this mode of warfare would not do away completely with all forms of small firearms, which would still have to be used in order to enable these future engines of war to combat one another; but it is safe to assert that none but small and light guns would be used.—Hiram S. Maxim in Century.

Maine's First Bicycle.

The great principle of the bicycle wheel is that it has tension spokes. That is, it differs from the ordinary carriage wheel in that the weight hangs from the tire instead of being supported upon the hub by stiff radiating spokes. Hiram Maxim, the great gunmaker, claims and is supported by testimony that in 1857 he made a tension wheel. The wheel was used upon the bicycle that Maxim constructed. This bicycle was the first ever seen in Maine. It was the real article in prototype, but Maxim confesses that "it went almighty hard." No one realized or even respected the importance of Maxim's discovery, and he was fairly overwhelmed with jeers as he rode his strange contrivance about the streets of Dexter.

Perhaps it was for this reason that he gave the toy to his little brother, who took it into the seclusion of Sangerville. One day the little shaver left it out in the highway, and the first horse that came along that way nearly had a fit.

Finally the driver secured his frantic beast, and inspired by righteous rage and thorough ignorance attacked the bicycle as though it were some rare wild beast. He batted and mauled it every which way, and Maxim's hopes on wheels were a wreck forever.—Holman F. Day in Lewiston Journal.

The Horse That Paid His Toll.

Many of the older residents of this section remember the late Dr. John Warner, of New Milford, and will appreciate this little story. When Dr. Warner was a student at Yale he used to come home Saturday nights and return to New Haven Mondays. That was before the days of railways, and as stage coaches did not leave New Milford Monday for New Haven young Warner used to mount his father's horse and ride to Yale on horseback. There were several toll gates on the route, and at each Warner would pay the return toll for his horse.

Arriving at Yale he would affix to the bridle a card bearing these words, "Please not stop this horse." The sagacious animal would jog along homeward, invariably reaching his stall at New Milford all right. The toll takers got to know the horse, and he was never interrupted. On Fridays the horse would be started alone to New Haven with a small pouch attached to his saddle in which was the exact change for the tolls. Each toll taker would take his toll, and the horse would trot along, reaching Yale in the evening. This practice was kept up until the young doctor was graduated.—Danbury (Conn.) News.

Reform in Men's Dress.

"A Business Woman" writes to protest against the agitation of dress reform for women, upon the ground that women's dress is in no need of reformation, and to propose a dress reform for men. She wants to know why men's trousers should not be cut off at the ankles; she wants to know if there is comfort in a shiny shirt front or a stiff collar—the growing prevalence of flannel, silk, cheviot and unstarched linen answers nay; she asks why men should stuff a yard or two of superfluous cotton cloth into their trousers, instead of wearing shirt waists as the little shavers do; she shoots the hat of man, so to speak, with a condemnation of its stiffness.

Sensible men will welcome the thought of an effort to reform their dress in the direction of comfort and convenience. But our hopes are damped somewhat by the memory of the fact that, throughout the ages, when women were the architects of men's shirts, there was never known a shirt that fitted.—San Francisco Argonaut.

How Some Men Waste Time.

The train stopped at a little town. A commercial traveler, dealing in groceries and tobacco, got off; a crate of live chickens was put on and the cars started again. The stopping of a train was no rare sight in that village, for it happens two or three times every day. The people had no welcome for the commercial traveler, no tears were shed over the departure of the chickens; yet on the station steps I counted forty men and boys who were there when the train came in—farm boys, who ought to have been at work in the fields; village boys, who might have been doing something somewhere, every interest of economics and æsthetics alike calling them away from the village and off to the farms. Two men attended to all the business of the station. The solitary passenger went his own way. The rest were there because they had not the moral strength to go anywhere else. They stood there on the station steps, embodied ghosts, dead to all life and hope, with only force enough to stand around and gape.—David S. Jordan in Forum.

SCROFULA

eczema,
tetter, boils,
ulcers, sores,
rheumatism, and
catarrh, cured
by taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It
purifies,
vitalizes, invigorates,
and enriches
the blood.

Has Cured Others

will cure you.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday a 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallagan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church sts. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 196 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Eagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 58 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 S Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Langale, S C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, I S.; J V Cook, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

P J Cahill, John T Kelly, J J Dillon, Henry Detmer, Dr M Brand John C Schubert, T H Cannon, Ludger Drolet, J F Scanlan, John Bednorz, N A Kirschten.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G O Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 87th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 5 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J B Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuss, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 706 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 338 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 345 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schuitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 323 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 970 Larrabee st; J Ke nnarh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 158 Huron st; P C. Orane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Ruccciant, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarzino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierobon, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sopple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 2—Patrick Cooney, Pres.; Box 63, Hezewisch, Ill.; Louis Brophy, V. P.; E. F. Brennen, Rec. Sec.; A. Harmon, Fin. sec.; Patrick Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Thomas Fennell Rec Sec, 1041 W. Elzbteenth st; Edward O Neill, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Raigan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 182 Van Buren-st.; Martin Walsh, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2862 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P., James Rielly, Rec. Sec., 325 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Duggan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O Kelly, Rec Sec, 8 Chicago; Owen Aherin, Fin. Sec.; P A Aherin, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Siegsman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Timothy Burke, Pres., 4716 Bishop st; Patrick Cummings, V P.; D. O'Toole, Rec Sec. 4125 State st.; John B. O'Connor, Fin sec.; Simon Neville, Treas.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 26 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Borrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec, F. J. Conroy, Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 669 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell, Treas. Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

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A Ridiculous Name.

This habit of naming boys after some friend and hanging two "last" names to a lad all of his life is about played out. At least, that is what Mr. Sawyer Cook, of this city, thinks about it. His baby had the cramps the other night, and paregoric did not seem to have the slightest effect upon the little sufferer, so Mr. Cook flew for the doctor post haste. He pulled the bell with a rousing jerk. Up went the side window, and the physician's voice called excitedly, "Who's there?"

"Sawyer Cook," hurriedly cried the anxious father.

"Saw my cook, did you? Well, what the deuce do I care if you saw the cook, the chambermaid, the butler and the stable boy? You let that bell alone, you loon, or I'll break your face! Get out of that!"

"But I tell you I'm no loon. I'm Sawyer Cook!"

"Confound it, what do I care if you did see my cook? That's her business if she wants to gallivant around at night. I mind my business, she minds hers, and you had better go about yours if you want to keep out of trouble. Hear me?"

"I don't know anything about your servants, doctor, and I am not drunk; but my baby is sick, and if you don't hurry up she will die!"

"Your baby's sick? Who are you?" cried the doctor in astonishment once more.

"Why, I'm Mr. Sawyer Cook, of 345 Gripe street, as I told you before, and my baby's dying with the cramp!" cried the agonized father.

"Oh, beg pardon, sir—I thought you were some bum. I will be down directly!"

The baby is all right now, but Mr. Sawyer Cook wants his name changed.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Rob Roy Had the Best of It.

The far famed Rob Roy MacGregor was confessedly the best swordsman of his day. His celebrity for wielding the claymore excited MacNeil of Barra, to visit him for the express purpose of trying his prowess. Barra was a gentleman, possessing the qualities that endear a chief to his clan, with the accomplishments which confer acceptability in polished circles. On arriving at Rob Roy's house the MacNeil chieftain found he was at Buchanan attending the market, and thither he repaired. He met several gentlemen on horseback on their way home, and accosting the nearest, begged to know if Rob Roy was still at the fair.

"Who inquires for Rob Roy?" inquired a voice, more remote.

"MacNeil of Barra," said the chief.

Rob Roy approached, announcing himself, and after exchanging salutes Barra said:

"I have heard Rob Roy extolled as the best swordsman of our times, and have come a long journey to prove whether he or I deserve that commendation."

"Chieftain of Barra," said Rob Roy, "I never sought a quarrel with any man; and if it pleases you to think yourself the better swordsman I have no objection to your opinion."

"This is the language of fear," said Barra.

"Who dares to speak of fear to Rob Rob MacGregor?" said MacGregor. "Dismount, sir, and try if I'm afraid."

The chivalrous encounter immediately commenced, and Rob Roy found Barra nearly his match; but after much dexterous play he wounded the chieftain in the sword arm, so that he was for several months confined at Buchanan.—Scottish American.

The Ring of Cheops.

Cheops was the builder of the pyramid which bears his name, and, as if to make the structure perpetuate his deeds for all time to come, the very stones and bricks of which it is composed are stamped with his name. Cheops lived nearly 2,500 years ago, his great pyramid being an antiquity in the days when the great nations of old were in their youth, and yet we of this Nineteenth century can have the satisfaction of looking upon the very ring he wore so proudly upon his royal finger! The hieroglyphics on the ring are minutely accurate and beautifully executed, the ring itself being of finest gold and weighing nearly an ounce. The oval signet bears the name of Cheops, which is in hieroglyphics in perfect accord with the stamp on the bricks of the great pyramid. This remarkable antiquity was found in a tomb at Ghizeh. It now reposes in the museum of the New York Historical society.—St. Louis Republic.

Writing in Erect Characters.

As most adults write without much regard to the angle which the words take, it is to them a matter of supreme indifference whether upright or sloping calligraphy is best for their health. But with children it is different. Hence there may be something in the recommendation of Drs. Von Reuss and Lorenz to the supreme council of hygiene for Austria that in future children should be taught to write in erect characters, for in this form of penmanship the scholar faces his work, and is spared the twist of the body and neck which is always observable in those who write slantwise, and the tendency to spinal curvature induced thereby.—London Tit-Bits.

Value of Musk.

Besides flowers, several other articles are called into use by the perfumer. Musk is the most important. It comes out of the musk deer of the mountains of India, China and Thibet. It is extremely difficult to obtain unadulterated, and when obtained in that condition costs twice its weight in gold. So great is the tenuity of the odor, that in an area of five feet it gives out 57,839,606 particles without undergoing an appreciable diminution of weight.—New York Evening Sun.

Humidity About.

Guest (at restaurant in moist weather)—Waiter, I can't get any salt out of this salt cellar.

Waiter—You've forgotton to unscrew the top, sir.—New York Weekly.

Colored Glass for Spectacles.

Adams is reported to have been the first to recommend the use of blue glass, but they were at first more widely used in Germany, chiefly through the recommendation of the great oculist Grafe, of Bohm, and others. The blue color of glass is chiefly to be recommended because it absorbs those rays in their passage which belong to the yellow and orange portion of the spectrum, in which the greatest brightness and greatest heat are concentrated, and the eyes, especially weak ones, consequently greatly protected by the blue color, while rays which such eyes are able to bear obtain access.

The material for blue glasses which has to be made in various shades to suit individual eyes, is somewhat less hard than that employed formerly for green spectacles and is also inferior in that respect to white glass, but it has gained in durability compassed with former descriptions of glass.

Still greater is the progress recorded in the manufacture and hardness of "smoked" glass, also used for protecting the eyesight. This kind of glass, which is colored gray or mouse colored by the addition of manganese, formerly suffered from too great softness by the addition of a large quantity of lead; but the best manufactures now made are nearly equal to white glass in point of hardness. The object of smoked glass is to reduce the glare of light without segregating colors.—Chambers' Journal.

Proper Mastication.

Proper mastication implies that the food be thoroughly chewed and mixed with the fluids of the mouth before being swallowed and that these functions be performed without haste. Most people eat as though they were ignorant of the fact that the stomach has no teeth or means of ensalivating the food with which they fill it. The stomach is a most faithful servitor and makes a long and earnest struggle to preserve its owner from the inevitable consequences of imposing upon it functions which nature intended should be performed by the teeth and the salivary glands; but, like the indulgences of a faithful mother or any other self sacrificing friend, its services are only recognized when it is unable to respond to demands for them.

Most people as they approach middle life lose many of their back teeth, which are the principal implements of mastication, but they fail to bear in mind that they should take more time at their meals in order to properly prepare their food for swallowing. They should remember that nature makes no allowance for their infirmities in this respect, but will hold them to a strict account for any neglect to observe the rules of health.—Washington Star.

Two Sorts of Boys.

First City Boy—I hope we won't take a country house again. I hate it.

Second City Boy—What! Hate the country?

"No, the country is good enough, but there's always a garden; and ma and pa go 'bout crazy over it, plantin things in the spring, and then, when the hot weather comes, they get tired and stop botherin 'bout it, and then the weeds come up, and then they always want me to weed garden, 'cause it's good, healthful outdoor exercise for boys of my age. I hate it."

"Well, you're a chump. We have a garden every summer, too, but I don't do any weeding; not much I don't."

"Have you a gardener?"

"No."

"Then how do you get out of it."

"Well, you see, I never can learn the difference between weeds and other things, and by the time I've dug up a lot of flowers an veg'tables mother comes runnin out and says I ain't big enough to weed garden. Then I go fishin."—Good News.

Reticent Red Men.

No one knows where an Indian is going. Traveling across the plain in a stage or an army ambulance you will see him afar off galloping as if he had been sent for the doctor and was afraid he wouldn't find him at home. Approaching you as the two paths cross he will usually rein up, exchange salutations, study your outfit closely, checking his pony to the slowest of walks, and without asking a question will know just where you are going, what you are going to do and what food you will probably give him if he calls upon you at your evening fire. Then he is off again, ranging easily in the saddle, and soon disappearing from sight. The land from which he came is as empty as that into which he has vanished. There is not a sign of human habitation in either direction. He has probably come twenty miles since dawn, and will, unless he concludes to camp with you, make another twenty before drawing rein.—Chicago Herald.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. To the January Term, A. D. 1892. Clara M. Newman, Conservator of the estate of Jay C. Newman, an insane person, vs. Jay C. Newman, William A. Eaton, George H. Laflin, Lavina Laflin, William A. Bond, Louis Newman, and Mathew Laflin.

Notice is hereby given to Jay C. Newman, William A. Eaton, George H. Laflin, Lavina Laflin, Mathew Laflin, William A. Bond, and Louis Newman, the defendants above named and to all whom it may concern, that the said petitioner, Clara M. Newman, Conservator of the estate of Jay C. Newman, an insane person, has heretofore filed her petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the following real estate belonging to the estate of said Jay C. Newman, and described as follows, to-wit: An undivided one half interest in Lots Three and Four, Block One, in Mathew Laflin's Subdivision of Lots One and Twenty, in Lavina and Companies Subdivision of the Garden and Cottage Lots of the South Quarter of the North East Quarter of Section Ten, Township Thirty-eight, North Range Fourteen, East of the Third Principal Meridian, Hyde Park, Cook County, State of Illinois, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the January Term A. D. 1892, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1892, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said County, Affidavit of the non-residence of Louis Newman has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court of Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said Jay C. Newman, William A. Eaton, George H. Laflin, Lavina Laflin, Mathew Laflin, William A. Bond, and Louis Newman shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said County, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of January, 1892, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition. ROGER C. SULLIVAN, Clerk.
Wing, Carter & Qualey, Solicitors for petitioner, Clara M. Newman, Conservator of Jay C. Newman, an insane person.

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